

841. d 15 3 643. d. 2. 3
PHILOCLEA.

A
TRAGEDY.

As it is ACTED at the
THEATRE ROYAL
IN
COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY
M^C NAMARA MORGAN,

A Student of the Middle Temple.

*Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere; et
Quem fors dierum cunque dabit, lucro
Appone; nec dulces Amores
Sperne puer —*

HOR.

LONDON:

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall-mall.
And Sold by M. COOPER in Pater-noster-Row. 1754
Price One Shilling and Six Pence.

PHILIP C. ELLIS

BRAGG

THE NEW YORK
EDUCATION

NEW YORK


NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK
EDUCATION
NEW YORK

THE NEW YORK
EDUCATION
NEW YORK



THE
DEDICATION.
TO

 S it is the Fashion to have a
Dedication, I cannot publish my
Play without one; yet, as I
am a Stranger in this Kingdom, un-
acquainted with the great Men, who
have all the Qualifications, necessary to
constitute the noble Character of a
A 2 Patron

DEDICATION.

Patron of the Muses, I cannot presume to single out any particular Name, to do honour to my Performance. But, if there be a Man (and I doubt not there are many) who is conscious of private Honesty and public Spirit ; one, who hath Taste and Erudition ; who is not only an Admirer, but a generous Encourager of Arts, let the Public write his Name in the Blank I have left above, and I shall, at all times, be ready to subscribe myself

His most faithful

and most obedient,

humble Servant,

M^c. NAMARA MORGAN.

P. S. Since I had written the above, I have made the most diligent Enquiry
for

DEDICATION.

for some Character, who might answer my Idea of a Patron. Many have been justly pointed out to me: But, I find the public Voice so much in favour of one Gentleman, that I must beg the Reader will suppose this Play originally dedicated

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

George Dodington, Esq;

THE P R E F A C E.

I Should never acquit myself of Ingratitude, did I not publicly acknowledge, that whatever Success this Play has met with (next to the Indulgence of the Town) was principally owing to the excellent Performance of Mr. BARRY and Miss NOSSITER.

This young Lady, with the greatest Tendernefs of Feeling, is possessed of such a happy Strength of Imagination, as must forcibly affect the Heart; and an Author, who addresses himself to the Passions, cannot but be charmed to find so young an Actress entering into the very Soul and Spirit of his Words.

I shall say nothing of Mr. BARRY, as an Actor, but that he *exerted* his well-known Abilities to adorn this Play. More would be superfluous.

But I am much more indebted to him on another Account. To his Judgment I owe many considerable Alterations, in the Conduct of this Piece, from my original Plan. And his Knowledge of the Passions often guided me to the Feeling that should naturally arise from the Incident.

For the Piece itself I have only to add, that, such as the Reader finds it, it is entirely original, excepting the Assistance I had from Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, whose Fable I was obliged to alter very considerably to render it dramatic. The Unity of Place I have disregarded, because I have observed such Regularity has seldom pleased the *English* Audience. If this be a Fault, let the modern Critics impute it to themselves.

P R O-

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. SPARKS.

WHEN great ELIZA fill'd the British Throne,
She mark'd the matchless SIDNEY for her own;
Around whose Temples ev'ry Laurel twin'd,
In early Youth, the Glory of Mankind!
With Genius, Birth, Wit, Fortune, Fame inspir'd,
He plan'd this Tale, which WALLER since admir'd;
In gay Arcadia let his Fancy rove,
And form'd another Paradise for Love:
Where blooming still, in his immortal Page,
His PHILOCLEA charm'd thro' ev'ry Age.
Nor think the Story Fiction, drawn with Art,
'Tis a true Hist'ry of the human Heart.

Warm'd with the great Idea that he drew,
The Tragic Muse wou'd paint it to your View;
Conspicuous to the Sight exalt it higher,
And give Narration Action, Life and Fire.

How near our Bard (young Candidate for Fame)
Comes to this Mark of his ambitious Aim,
To your Determination we appeal,
Who've Taste to judge, and Tenderness to feel.
Yet from your kind Decisions here of late,
With modest Hope we may foresee his Fate;
For Britons, ever generous as brave,
Will ne'er destroy, where there is Room to save.

There was a Time, indeed, when factious Rage
Cou'd damn, with Noise, the Children of the Stage;
But now our British Audiences appear
What once the learned Sons of Athens were:
And late, where Gothic Uproar cou'd decide,
Now Candor sits, with Patience by his Side.
Ev'n Justice now is partial to the Stage,
For true Politeness marks this happy Age.

Our Author then to you dares trust his Cause,
If he has Merit, sure to meet Applause.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

BASILIVS, King of <i>Arcadia</i> ,	Mr. SPARKS.	
PYROCLES, Prince of <i>Macedon</i> ,	} Disguised as Shepherds, {	Mr. BARRY.
MUSIDORUS, Prince of <i>Theffaly</i> ,		Mr. SMITH.
AMPHIALUS, the King's Nephew,	Mr. USHER.	
PHILANAX, General and Viceroy of <i>Arcadia</i> ,	Mr. RIDOUT.	
EURISTUS, Servant to <i>Musidorus</i> ,	Mr. ANDERSON.	
DAMETAS, an old Shepherd,	Mr. REDMAN.	
THYRSIS, a young Shepherd,	Mr. HOLTHAM.	

W O M E N.

GYNECIA, Queen of <i>Arcadia</i> ,	Mrs. BLAND.
PAMELA, } the King's Daughters by a } PHILOCLEA, } former Queen,	{ Miss KENNEDY. { Miss NOSSITER.
CECROPIA, { <i>Amphialus's</i> Mother, Dowager of the King's Brother, }	Mrs. VINCENT.
EUGENIA, her Gentlewoman,	Mrs. GRIFFITH.
PHEBE, { a simple Shepherdess, Attendant } to <i>Pamela</i> ,	Miss MULLART
<i>Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Officers, Guards, and Attendants.</i>	



PHILOCLEA:

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Forest of Arcadia.*

MUSIDORUS, *dress'd like a Shepherd*, and EURISTUS.

EURISTUS.



Y Lord, forgive me, if I seem surpriz'd
Why you, our Prince, th' apparent Heir
of *Thessaly*,

Who oft have led our Armies to the Field,
And oft return'd, with glorious Conquest
crown'd,

Should here, in soft *Arcadia's* cool Retreats,
Disguise you in a Shepherd's homely Weeds,
And, for a Scepter, wield a simple Crook. —
Yet still, I doubt not, there's some noble Cause,
Worthy of *Musidorus*.

MUSIDORUS.

My *Euristus*,

The Cause is Love; for which, great *Jove* himself

B

Hath

Hath oft transform'd him to some borrow'd Shape :
 And therefore did I send for thee from *Thessaly*,
 To meet me here conceal'd, that thou may'st serve me;
 For long I've tried, and ever found thee faithful.

EURISTUS.

My Life is your's, by Choice, as well as Duty.

MUSIDORUS.

I know it well — no more. — And now, my Friend,
 I will unravel this perplex'd Affair :
 Thou may'st remember, that my Kinsman *Pyrocles*,
 The Prince of *Macedon*, and I, set out
 As private Gentlemen, to see the Courts
 And various Manners of the States of *Greece* ;
 That we might take a nearer and more faithful
 Prospect of Things, when we had thrown aside
 The Veil which Grandeur ever holds before
 The Eye of Princes. Thus we past thro' *Greece*,
 Till we at length arriv'd at *Mantineæ*,
 Where old *Basilus* reign'd *Arcadia's* King. —
 Here all Description fails! — We saw his Daughters,
 And we no sooner saw them, but we lov'd :
 'The Majesty of *Pamela* subdued my Heart,
 And *Philoclea's* Softness won my Friend.

EURISTUS.

What hinders then, but that you both demand
 Your Loves in Marriage? Yours is an Alliance,
 Beyond whate'er *Arcadia* could have hop'd.

MUSIDORUS.

O my *Euristus*! there's an Obstacle,
 A great one too, that's yet to be surmounted.
 Scarce had we seen these Miracles of Beauty,
 When all our Hopes were young, and fledg'd with Joy,
 One Stroke of Fortune dash'd them to the Ground.
 For, to th' Amazement of the Court and Kingdom,
Basilus, with his Daughters and his Queen,
 Retir'd precipitate, and hid himself
 And then, from ev'ry Commerce with the World,
 Within

Within this lonely Forest: Then sent forth
His royal Proclamation, through the Land,
Forbidding all Men, on the Pain of Death,
T' intrude within the Circuit of this Pale;
Except some few of the *Arcadian* Shepherds,
Who purposely are licens'd, to discharge
The necessary Business of the Place.

EURISTUS.

This was an unexpected Blow indeed.

MUSIDORUS.

Nor is this all; for, by another Law,
He hath decreed, his Daughters ne'er shall wed,
But, here, in Solitude, consume their Days.

EURISTUS.

What could induce him to so strange a Course?

MUSIDORUS.

He says, there is a weighty Cause; but still,
He locks it up a Secret in his Breast;
For neither do the Viceroy, nor the Queen,
Nor the young Princesses his Motives know:
Yet I've found Means to sound his deep Design.
Perceiving he had fix'd his Resolution,
Immediately on his Return from *Delphos*,
I strait bethought me, that it must proceed
From some mysterious Answer of the God.
Thither I flew, and brib'd the venal Priest,
From whom I learn'd the mighty Cause of all
Was, that the Oracle had told the King,
Whene'er his Daughters married, he should die.
This is the Cause why we are here disguis'd;
Where we are known, among our Fellow-swains,
By the feign'd Names of *Dorus* and of *Claius*.

EURISTUS.

It is a Difficulty, that requires
All your Address and Courage to surmount.
But tell me, my good Lord, I long to hear
The happy Progress you have made in Love.

MUSIBORUS.

Ten Days I've led a Life of Servitude,
 Happy in this alone, that I can see her,
 And, sometimes, execute her sweet Commands;
 But, never dar'd to open my Design.
 There's such commanding Majesty about her,
 Such Air, such Grace, such Dignity of Beauty,
 That, as I gaze, she awes me into Silence.

EURISTUS.

But have you yet, by any Means, contriv'd,
 Tho' indirectly, from some Circumstance,
 That she shou'd even guess at your Estate.

MUSIDORUS.

I have devis'd a Stratagem, by which
 She soon shall know I'm not of vulgar Rank.
 There is an aged Shepherd, one *Dametas*,
 The Master here of all th' *Arcadian* Swains,
 So great a Favourite with the King, that he
 Hath made him Guardian of the Princess *Pamela*,
 Who now resides intirely at his Lodge.
 He has a Daughter, a poor simple Maid,
 To whom I have pretended Love; her Name
 Is *Phebe*; and, to her I freely speak
 What to the Princess' Ear I would convey,
 Who seems well pleas'd to listen to our Loves.
 Two Days ago, I said, I found a Treasure,
 And I presented her with my own Picture,
 Dress'd in my princely Robes, set round with Diamonds.
 The Princess view'd it, but with careless Eye,
 And coldly said, she wonder'd who had lost it.

EURISTUS.

But what of the young Prince of *Macedon*,
 Your gallant Friend?

MUSIDORUS.

O he is happier far!
 He, yesterday, was sent for from the Plain,
 By the Queen's Orders, to attend her Person:

Where

A TRAGEDY.

5

Where he, each Day, without Controul, may gaze
On the celestial Form of her he loves,
Or listen to the Music of her Voice ;
An Opportunity he'll soon improve,
By all the soft Address that Love can teach.

EURISTUS.

But, is there ought, in which my Service can
Be useful to my Prince ?

MUSIDORUS.

There is, *Euristus*.

Our purpos'd Plan is this.—In proper Time,
When we shall tell the Princesses our Loves,
We'll press them to fly hence, and leave the Gloom
Of weary Solitude, to shine upon
The Thrones of *Macedon* and *Thessaly* :—
Be thou still near at hand, see all prepar'd,
Servants and Horses, plac'd at certain Posts,
To favour our Escape. No more.—Be gone ;
For it is Death to tread this fatal Place ;
But, thou hast oft expos'd thy Life for me,
'Midst Dangers, more immediate, in the Field —
Here, ev'ry Morning, with the rising Sun,
Will I repair to meet thee. 'Tis the most
Sequester'd of the Forest.

EURISTUS.

I obey ;

And, by my Diligence, shall speak my Duty. (*Exit.*

MUSIDORUS.

It is a glorious Morn, and *Phæbus* now,
Serenely bright, smiles on the Landscape round. —
How well this Solitude now suits my Thoughts !
For there's a gentle Laziness in Love,
That wou'd indulge, beneath the awful Shade
Of these fam'd Groves, Delight of ancient *Pan* !
Where Sylvans, Fauns, and all the woodland Nymphs,
Dryads and Hamadryads, love to dwell. —
But hark ! — the rustling of the Trees proclaims
Some Interruption near. —————

Enter

Enter PYROCLES.

'Tis *Pyrocles* ; —

With folded Arms, and down-cast pensive Look.—
He sees me not—Alas ! my Friend, what means
This sad Dejection, pictur'd in thy Face ?
Tell me the Cause, and let me share thy Griefs.

PYROCLES.

O *Musidorus* ! O my gallant Friend !
When last we met, I thought myself too happy ;
But, since I saw thee, all my Hopes are blasted.
This Day determines my uncertain Fate ;
Perhaps it is the last I have to live.

MUSIDORUS.

Explain thyself ; thy Life in peril, say'st thou ?

PYROCLES.

'Tis in the Hands of an abandon'd Woman.
The youthful Queen, this beauteous *Cyprian* Princess,
Whom in his Dotage old *Basilus* chose ;
With the Experience of a Wanton's Eye,
Pierc'd thro' the Cover of my borrow'd Shape,
And fain wou'd tempt me to her lewd Embrace.
For this it seems she call'd me from the Plain !—
Last Night, her guilty Passion she confess'd,
But, by good Fortune, ere I cou'd reply,
When all my Wits were on the Rack of Doubt,
Uncertain what to say or how to act,
The King approach'd us ; glad of the Pretence,
I strait withdrew, and have not since beheld her.

MUSIDORUS.

Ha ! 'tis a Rock may shipwreck all thy Hopes !
But *Philoclea*—hast thou dar'd, as yet,
To hint to her the Purpose of thy Soul ?

PYROCLES.

Oh no ; she's still a Stranger to my Love ;

But I have tried a thousand little Arts,
To win her Notice and attract her Eye.
And yesterday, as she pass'd by me once,
I bow'd with low Respect; then, rising slow,
My Hand upon my Heart, I breath'd a Sigh,
And gaz'd with so much Ardour on her Charms,
That all my Soul was darted through my Eye.—
At this, methought, she blush'd with sweet Surprise,
And in Confusion hastily retir'd.

MUSIDORUS.

'Tis well that she observ'd thee.—But the Queen,
What's to be done with her?

PYROCLES.

I know not what;
I am distracted at the Thought!—And yet,
Something must soon be done.—It must be this.—
I'll fly, this Hour; find *Philoclea* out,
And boldly tell her, who and what I am.
I will no more be tortur'd with Suspence,
I'll know my Fate, be blest or curs'd at once.

MUSIDORUS.

Proceed with Policy and prudent Caution.
If any Danger offers, let me share it.

PYROCLES.

Danger! my Soul springs upward at the Thought.
Wou'd there were no Impediment but that!
Cou'd I but win her gentle Soul to Love,
Then wou'd I mock at Danger and at Toil,
And bear her off, tho' Death himself oppos'd me. (*Exit.*)

Enter DAMETAS.

DAMETAS.

Dorus, the Forest's up in Arms; here take
This Sword, and use it in our King's Defence.

MUSIDORUS.

PHILOCLEA:

MUSIDORUS.

What sudden Cause disturbs our rural Peace,
That we must quit our Sheep-hooks, for the Sword?

DAMETAS.

Just now the Shepherd *Thyrsis*, out of Breath,
Frighted and pale, came running to the King,
And told him, that a Man of princely Figure
Had met him, as he pass'd thro' yonder Grove;
But, when he warn'd him of his bold Intrusion,
And bid him fly to save his forfeit Life,
He drew his Sword and swore he'd slay the first
Shou'd dare to interrupt his destin'd Course.

MUSIDORUS.

Give me the Sword—By Heaven, I wish to meet him.
He comes a Rival to my Friend or me. (*Aside.*)
Give me the Sword; for, from a Soldier once
learn'd to practise it with dextrous Art,
And Duty now adds Courage to my Skill.

DAMETAS.

So shalt thou gain the Favour of the King.
Haste, follow me, the rest are up in Arms. (*Exit. Dam.*)

MUSIDORUS.

Send me, kind Gods! some glorious Adversary,
That I may prove my Valour by his Fall. (*Exit.*)

SCENE, a Garden.

PHILOCLEA discover'd sleeping in an Arbor.

Enter PYROCLES.

PYROCLES.

Alone she walk'd into the Garden. Love,
Keep thou the Door, let no Intruder in.
Sweet *Philoclea*, beauteous Maid, appear—
See, where she sleeps, upon a Bed of Violets,
More sweet than any Violet in the Bed!

O happy

O happy Flow'r, on which that Cheek is laid !
 Here, one, aspiring, seems to kiss her Lips,
 And, from her Breath, inhales more balmy Sweets
 Than ever *Fibra* shed upon its Tribe.

O let me pluck thee, with a jealous Hand !
 And, like a Bee, sip that delicious Dew.
 But soft—and may not I too steal a Kiss ?
 'Twill not be miss'd, from such a store of Sweets.

(Kisses her.)

O ! 'tis like Water to a ferv'rish Man,
 Tho' meant to cool the parching of his Thirst,
 It adds a scorching Fury to the Flame.

PHILOCLEA.

O *Claius*, *Claius* !

(Speaking in her sleep.)

PYROCLES.

Hark ! the dreams of me !
 Ye gentle Pow'rs, presiding o'er her Thoughts,
 O let her speak again !—Soft, soft, she wakes.

(Pyrocles retires a little.)

PHILOCLEA.

Alas ! not e'en the Balm of soft Repose
 Can sooth my Cares ; while frolic Fancy plays,
 And, like a glassy Mirror, to the Mind
 Reflects the Image of my waking Thoughts.

(Pyrocles advances.)

PYROCLES.

Pardon, my gracious Lady,—but I thought,
 I heard you call on *Claius*.

PHILOCLEA.

Did I call thee ? —

I know not if I did.

PYROCLES,

Bright Excellence,

Relying on the Goodness of thy Soul,
 And the Delight thou tak'st in Deeds of Mercy,
 I came to seek thee ; with a prostrate Heart,
 To beg thy Intercession, and, to save
 A Wretch's Life : For, by unhappy Fortune,

C

I have

I have committed an Offence, for which
Thy Servant's Life is forfeit to the Laws.
Nor wears my Crime, tho' great, so black a Face,
As to fright Mercy from thy tender Breast.

PHILOCLEA.

Alas ! good Swain, what is it you have done ?
But rest assur'd, I'll try the utmost Force
Of all my Influence, to procure thee Grace ;
For long I've noted thee, upon the Plain,
Of gentle Manners, far above the rest ;
And oft, as I walk'd forth, you still wou'd bring
The sweetest Flowers and strew them at my Feet :
Or, sometimes, weave a Chaplet for my Brow,
Contriv'd with such Simplicity of Taste,
As seem'd to speak an Elegance of Soul.
Believe me, Shepherd, I'll do all I can
To save thy Life.—But, what is't you have done ?

PYROCLES.

Upon my Knees, let me confess my Crime ;
But start not, when you hear the horrid Tale—
For, 'tis against thyself I have offended,

PHILOCLEA.

Then I am glad of it, with all my Soul ;
For now, I freely may forgive it thee.——
Rise and be happy—think of it no more.

PYROCLES.

O that some Muse wou'd lend me now her Voice !
That, in soft, dulcet Accents I might breathe
Inchantment on thy Sense, while I declare,
My only Crime is—Oh ! I dare not speak it—
But thou hast promis'd to forgive ; and I
Will trust thy Mercy.—Yet, with trembling Awe,
My faltering Tongue has scarce the Pow'r to tell,
My only Crime is—too ambitious Love.

PHILOCLEA.

Ha ! have a care !—You know not what you say ;
For Love and Death are here synonymous.——

But

But tell me, quickly, who and what you are?
That Habit suits not a Discourse like this.

PYROCLES.

Presumptuous as I am, I would not dare
Direct my Eye to the meridian Sun,
Were I not, like the Eagle, truly bred,
Of Royal race, undazzled at the Blaze. —
I am no Shepherd, as you've rightly guess'd;
This Habit's but the Livery of Love.

PHILOCLEA.

Who art thou then? — But wherefore should I ask?

PYROCLES.

If e'er the Name of *Pyrocles*, the Son
Of fam'd *Euarchus*, King of *Macedon*,
Hath reach'd thine Ear, I'm that ill-fated Prince;
Who, for thy Love, cou'd bear each servile Toil,
And mingle with the meanest Cottage Swains.

PHILOCLEA.

I am so poor a Practiser in Love,
I cannot tell, but you deceive me now.

PYROCLES.

The Sage, I now perceive, was wise, that wish'd
To have a Window open'd in his Breast.
O! that thou now cou'd'st look into my Heart!
There shou'd'st thou see thy precious self, inshrin'd
Within the Center, near the Spring of Life.
Like some fair Form, inclos'd within a Gem
Of lucid Agate or transparent Amber,
And nought, but Ruin, can efface the Image.

PHILOCLEA.

Sure there is some Inchantment in thy Tongue!
Thy Words are sweeter than the *Syren's* Voice;
Their magic Sounds have charm'd Reserve away,
And I no more shall blush, to own I love.

PYROCLES.

Celestial Accents! are my Senses true!
Speak, speak again! lest I mistake the Word;

C. 2.

There's

There's such sweet Music in the Sound of Love,
Still let me hear it warble on thy Tongue?

PHILOCLEA.

That I do love, these melting Tears attest;
As they may well bear witness, that I'm wretched.

PYROCLES.

Can'st thou be wretched, who'rt the Source of Bliss!
Why do those Eyes, whose Fire can kindle Joy,
Pour Streams of Sorrow, that might quench the Flame,
As Rain and Lightning burst at once from Heaven?

PHILOCLEA.

Can'st thou not think? — for I am sure thou heard'st it.
But I myself forgot it, in my Joy.
My Father hath decreed I ne'er shall wed;
'Tis made a Law irrevocably fix'd.

PYROCLES.

But, does my Love confirm that harsh Decree?

PHILOCLEA.

If I were free, I wou'd that Freedom use
But once, to give that very Freedom up,
And chuse thee Monarch of my conquer'd Soul.

PYROCLES.

Then there's no Power shall keep thee from my Arms.
I will demand thee with my Kingdom's Force,
And level to the Ground, the Pale of this
Curs'd Forest, where thy Beauty is obscur'd.
Then, like some Goddess on a lofty Shrine,
I'll seat thee on a Throne to public View,
That all the World may wonder at thy Charms.

PHILOCLEA.

But he declares there are such weighty Reasons —

PYROCLES.

It is an Oracle forsooth; a mean
Device! contriv'd by some designing Priest,
Corrupted, to abuse his sacred Trust.
I will destroy that Nest of holy Cheats,
Whose Forg'ries contradict the Voice of Nature.
My first Exploit shall be to root them out:

I'll lead a potent Army into *Delpbos*,
And, when I've raz'd the Temple to the Ground,—
I'll build another to the God of Love.

PHILOCLEA.

Be not too rash—let Prudence be thy Guide,
We must be now more cautious than before;
But most, beware the Queen's too curious Eye.
I know not why, but she, of late, is grown
Most cruelly severe to all my Actions;
And she forbid me to converse with thee.—
'Twas strange, when at the time we ne'er convers'd.

PYROCLES.

What Heart cou'd injure Innocence like thine!
She's not thy Parent, tho' thy Father's Wife,
Th' imprudent Choice of his declining Years.

PHILOCLEA.

O Heavens, undone! for yonder comes the Queen.—
Yet stir not, we're observ'd.

Enter the QUEEN.

QUEEN.

What, private Meetings!—
Madam, I see how you obey my Orders.

PHILOCLEA.

Impute it not; 'twas Accident alone
That brought—

QUEEN.

I'll hear no more. Retire and leave me.

(Exit Philoc. Pyrocles offers to go.)

Stay, *Claius*, stay; I know thee by no Name,
But that; tho' I'm convinc'd, 'tis not thy Name;
Last Night,—I blush to name last Night,—for thee
I laid aside Formality of Sex,
And then my Soul, whose daily Food was Praise,
Distill'd like Honey from a thousand Tongues,
Confess'd a Passion Pride should blush to speak,
Nor think I am too forward in my Suit,

For,

For, where a Woman's plac'd above the Rank
Of him she loves, her State must stoop to his,
Forgetting ev'ry fashionable Form,
And, ere he speaks, assure him of Success. —

PYROCLES.

Alas! what Crime cou'd such a Wretch as I
Commit, to have your Majesty descend,
To lay this Snare, to catch my harmless Life?

QUEEN.

Thou little know'st, with what a sharpen'd Sense
A Lover's Eye can penetrate the thin
Disguise, that shadows thee from vulgar Sight. —
I know thee well, and saw thee oft before.
Thou art that graceful Stranger that appear'd,
When late we kept our Court at *Mantineia*.
Thy Form then struck so deep into my Heart,
That no Disguise can hide it from me now.

PYROCLES.

Your princely Excellence can never mean,
With serious Thought, the Purport of your Words.
You cannot think me other than I seem;
Or, if you did, I know your Virtue well;
Nor can the World persuade me, your great Soul
Cou'd sully Majesty with Thoughts so mean.

QUEEN.

What! dost thou read cold Lectures to my Love?
Upbraid my Passion, tell me 'tis a Crime?
Ha! — think upon't — consider well, rash Youth!
Arcadia's Queen now deigns to sue to thee:
And know, if slighted, Love, Revenge and Pride
At once will kindle such a Storm of Fire,
As shall consume thee in its furious Blaze.
Still art thou silent? Speak; I charge thee, speak.

PYROCLES.

Allegiance to my Lord and yours forbids
Such bold Presumption in his faithful Slave.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

And am I then refus'd ! my Offer scorn'd !
 My Love despis'd ! my Beauty set at nought !
 I who was late the Idol of Mankind !
 Torture and Shame ! But I will be reveng'd ;
 Revenge ! Revenge ! shall heal my wounded Pride—
 I'll to the King, and tell him all I know.
 Thou art come here, with villainous Intent,
 To steal his Daughter and usurp his Crown.
 'Tis *Philoclea*—now I know the Cause ;
 It is for *Philoclea* I'm despis'd.
 Blind as I was to be so long deceiv'd !
 Thy Presence here is Treason by our Law.
 I'll have thee tortur'd, thou shalt die by piece-meal ;
 Then will I cause thy mangled Limbs to hang
 On ev'ry Bough, parch'd in the scorching Sun,
 And *Philoclea* too shall share thy Fate.——
 By Heav'n I'll do't—I'll to the King this instant.

(Exit Queen.

PYROCLES.

Death to my Hopes ! there's Ruin in her Looks !
 If she's determin'd, I am lost for ever.——
 Inventive Power of Love ! propitious hear !
 Teach me some Stratagem to 'scape her Rage.
 I'll after her—swear, flatter, fawn, deceive,
 No matter what, to win a little Time.
 Such strange Perplexities distract my Love,
 That only Falsehood can my Truth approve. (Exit.

End of the First ACT.

A C T



A C T II.

S C E N E, *another Prospect in the Forest.*

Enter the QUEEN, followed by PYROCLES.

QUEEN.

MAY I believe thee, shall I think thee true?

PYROCLES.

By Love's bright Queen, or by thy brighter self,
I swear, it was thy matchless Charms alone,
That drew me hither in this borrow'd Shape,
And my feign'd Coldness did but try thy Heart;
For, an Attempt, with a Repulse, were fatal.

QUEEN.

Forgive th' unruly Transport of my Rage;
'Twas all th' Effect of an unbounded Love.
Who art thou then? — but 'tis no matter who —
Thou art thyself. — — — — — Whoe'er thou art, I love thee.

PYROCLES.

From thee no Circumstance can I conceal.
I am a Nobleman of *Macedon*,
Of no mean Note; my Name is *Daëphantus*;
Who, since I saw thee first at *Mantineæ*,
Have been the silent Captive of thy Charms.

QUEEN.

We shall be blest'd, above Conception's reach!
Under the happy Veil of thy Disguise;

With

With most unbounded Freedom we may love,
 And give a loose to every tender Joy.
 No dull Reserve shall damp our sprightly Bliss,
 Nor Apprehension hang upon our Thought,
 But, free as Nature, uncontroul'd we'll love. —
 When o'er the Earth Night spreads her sable Veil,
 To screen the Blushes of consenting Love,
 Attend me in the Garden's lone Recess;
 And in the Wilderness there is a Cave,
 Where curling Vines, with Woodbines interlac'd,
 (Emblems of mutual Love) united twist
 Their clinging Fibres round the pendent Rock.
 Be that! — be that the secret happy Scene!

PYROCLES.

The Sun now labours up th' Ascent of Day,
 And, till he sets, each Moment is an Age.

QUEEN.

O for a Flight of *Cupids* now, whose Wings,
 Expanded o'er us, might eclipse the Sun,
 Making an artificial Night for Love!

PYROCLES.

Wou'd that some matchless Beauty, like thyself,
 Were to meet *Phabus* in old *Tbetis'* place,
 Then, with th' Impatience of a Lover's Hope,
 He'd plunge at once into th' *Atlantic* Deep,
 And, premature, bring on the slow-pac'd Night.

QUEEN.

This Night shall prove thy Faith. For still I'm so
 Perplex'd with Doubts, I'm jealous of thee still;
 Still *Philoclea* haunts my tortur'd Thoughts;
 But, if Ambition glows within thy Breast;
 If thy aspiring Youth be charm'd with Greatness,
 I'll pay thy Truth with Glory's richest Prize. —
 The King now treads the steep Descent of Years,
 And soon must reach the lowly Vale of Death.

D

Then,

Then, if thou'rt faithful, thou shalt be my Lord,
 Lord of my Person and my ample Dower;
 And, if my Policy miss not its aim,
 Perhaps I'll seat thee on *Arcadia's* Throne.

PYROCLES.

I swear eternal Constancy and Truth.

QUEEN.

The King now sits in Judgment on *Amphialus*,
 Whom late the Shepherd *Dorus* made his Captive,
 And I'm expected there. — Wait some short Space,
 Then follow me—that I may gaze upon thee. (*Going.*
 But first, I charge thee, on thy Life, avoid
 All private Conference with *Philoclea*.
 If I but see thee dart a tender Glance,
 Sent as the soft Ambassador of Love,
 I'll intercept it ere it reach her Heart,
 And jealous Rage shall publish thy Deceit. (*Exit Queen.*

PYROCLES.

Deceit indeed! O *Philoclea*, 'tis
 My Truth to thee has made me seem thus false,
 To gain a short-liv'd momentary Respite.
 Her Disappointment will inflame her Soul,
 Nor all my Art can save me from her Rage.
 The Thought distracts me!--Woman! Woman! Woman!
 Now cou'd I rail, blaspheme that lovely Name,
 And sum up all the Mischiefs of the Sex ———.
 But *Philoclea*! — is not she a Woman?
 Her Virtues crowd so fast upon my Thought,
 That my Tongue, now, cou'd overflow with Praise.
 Henceforth, when Slander shall traduce the Fair,
 To do them Right, speak *Philoclea's* Name,
 And, at the Sound, Detraction shall be mute. (*Exit.*

The SCENE discovers the King and Queen sitting upon a Throne beneath a Curtain, hung between two Trees in the Manner of a Canopy, on either Side Shepherds and Shepherdesses attending; with Amphialus, Pyrocles, Musidorus and Dametas.

KING.

Now, let the Shepherd Dorus here declare
How much he knows of this.

MUSIDORUS.

My gracious Lord,
Dametas, by your Majesty's Command,
Arm'd all the Shepherds, me among the rest,
To stop some bold Intruder's desp'rate Course,
Who travers'd o'er our Bounds. It was my Chance
To meet him first; when, thro' the Influence
Of your auspicious Fortune, and a Sense
Of my own Duty, at our first Encounter
I struck his Weapon from his Hand, and then
Led him a Captive to your royal Presence,
Not knowing then it was the Prince *Amphialus*.

KING.

Stand forth, *Amphialus*, thou'st heard the Charge
That's witness'd here against thee by these Shepherds,
How, by a Law, we have declar'd it Death
For any Man, without our Licence first
Obtain'd, to come within this Forest's Verge;
And how, regardless of our sovereign Will,
Thou'st dar'd to violate that strict Command;
But, as thou wert led on by Ignorance
Of this new Law, enacted in thy Absence;
And as thou art our Brother's Son, whose lov'd
Idea ever lives within our Memory,
As his fair Semblance still survives in thee;
We freely do remit the Life thou ow'st us,
And give thee Liberty to bless that Life.

D 2

AM-

AMPHIALUS.

Your royal Clemency is truly great :
 Yet still I scarce can thank you for my Life ;
 For what is Life, when blotted with Disgrace ?
 I am a Prince of the *Arcadian* Blood,
 And, in the Iron Harvest of the Field,
 Have reap'd some Glory to enrich my Birth.
 But here, instead of welcome Songs of Triumph,
 At my Return to greet my Victories,
 I am attack'd by paltry peasant Slaves,
 And, like a Criminal, am dragg'd before you :
 But there's an ancient, fundamental Law,
 Since bold *Lycaon's* Days, in Force among us,
 That whoso'er shall dare to lift his Hand
 Against a Prince descended from the Throne,
 Shall surely die; and I do claim that Wretch, (*Pointing to*
 To fall a Victim to my injur'd Fame Mufid.

PYROCLES.

To fall a Victim ! — say'st thou ? Crown him rather
 With every Honour that can grace his Virtue. —
 If 'twere a Crime, 'twas done by your Command,
 And your Command repeals all former Laws. —
 Ungen'rous Man ! hast thou been bred a Soldier,
 Yet blushest not t' avow such mean Revenge ? —
 A Soldier would admire his Conqueror,
 For sharing Merit greater than his own.

AMPHIALUS.

Am I, my Lord, to bear this Insolence ?

PYROCLES.

Pardon, my gracious Sov'reign, — but Excess
 Of Zeal outrun Respect. For he's my Friend,
 And we've been bred together on the Plain.
 I cou'd not then stand tamely by to hear
 The Life I lov'd, thus basely talk'd away.

KING.

No more — Shepherd, thou hast done thy Duty ;
 And 'stead of Punishment, shall meet Reward.
W' appoint

W' appoint thee Servant to the Princess *Pamela*,
And thou may'st rest assur'd of future Favours.

MUSIDORUS.

A Life of Gratitude shall thank your Majesty.

Enter THYRSIS.

THYRSIS.

Lady *Cecropia* comes this Way, my Lord,
And begs Admittance to your royal Presence.

KING.

Conduct her hither ; she is truly welcome.

Enter CECROPIA.

CECROPIA.

Where is *Amphialus*, my much-lov'd Son ?
O let me fly and clasp him to my Arms!--(*Embraces him*,
Forgive, my Sov'reign, this Excess of Joy,
This Overflowing of a Parent's Heart,
At the first Sight of a long-absent Child.

KING.

Thy Tendernefs, my Sister, we approve;
And we ourselves rejoice no less than thou,
That he's return'd in Safety to his Country,
From all the Perils of a long Campaign.

AMPHIALUS.

I'm much beholden for your royal Favours ;
And tho' I've been rejected in one Suit,
Yet I'll prefer another to your Ear.
Before I went abroad, I told your Majesty
The Love I bore the Lady *Philoclea*—
I am unskill'd in the soft Arts of Love,
And all the tender Process of Desire ;
I cannot sing, nor touch the wanton Lute,
Nor in lascivious Measures beat the Floor ;
Nor can I fawn and tell a flatt'ring Tale,

Or

Or e'er degrade myself, to kneel to Beauty :
 My Love disdains such light unmanly Toys,
 Fit only for the filken Sons of Peace ;
 For I was bred amidst the Din of Arms,
 The Trumpet's Clangor and the rattling Drum.
 But, she's your Daughter ; all her Charms are yours ;
 She's yours to give, from you I do demand her ;
 You know my Worth, and who and what I am,
 Nor need I speak it. — Will you grant my Suit ?

CECROPIA.

And let me second it, my gracious Lord:
 Your People's Voice, were you not too remote
 To hear their Murmurs, seconds his Desire.

KING.

You have already heard my final Answer ;
 Nor think, my Resolution hangs so loose
 As to be blown aside with ev'ry Breath.

PYROCLES.

Lie still, my Heart, the Oracle befriends thee. (*Aside.*)

QUEEN.

My loving Lord, my Life, let me too join
 In their Request, and win thee from thy Purpose.

KING.

I am as fix'd as Fate. You might as well
 Bid the Sun change his Course, turn back at Noon,
 And to the Eastward slope his evening Ray. —
 Nor think, my valiant Cousin, this Repulse
 Meant to thy Dignity or Worth. (For here
 I swear, by that tremendous Power, who shakes
 The Poles with Thunder, were there now on Earth
 A Prince that reign'd sole Monarch of the Globe,
 Such Suit from him shou'd meet the like Repulse.

PYROCLES.

O cruel Comfort ! that hath murder'd Hope. (*Aside.*)

KING.

But come — the Business of the Day is o'er ;
 Methinks, I reign in pastoral Magnificence,

Like

Like old King *Saturn*, in the Golden Age,
 My peaceful Guards with Sheep-hooks in their Hands,
 Ere yet Ambition forg'd the deadly Falchion,
 Or human Slaughter stain'd the Maiden Earth.
Gynecia, you will make our Sister welcome.
 Our Nephew must immediately depart,
 Nor, on the Hazard of his Life again,
 Presume to tread this interdicted Ground.

[*Exeunt all but the Queen and Cecropia.*]

QUEEN.

You see how firm he's fix'd in his Resolve.

CECROPIA.

'Tis wond'rous strange! But have you learn'd the Cause?

QUEEN.

No; there's no Cause—'tis but some peevish Humour,
 Th' Effect of Years, declining into Dotage,
 In which, it were disloyal to obey him.
 Will you concur with me, and I'll contrive
 To give up *Philoclea* to *Amphialus*,
 This very Day, and make her his for ever?

CECROPIA.

What can this sudden Flow of Kindness mean?
 We can dissemble too. —

(*Aside.*)

My Royal Sister,
 You have been always gracious to our House;
 And I shall ever bless the Day, that rais'd
 Your peerless Virtues to th' *Arcadian* Throne.
 You are too condescending, thus to ask
 The poor Concurrence of your lowly Servant.
 Command, my Queen, Obedience shall be mine.

QUEEN.

Here is a Plan, devis'd with deep Design,
 Which I had purpos'd sending by *Amphialus*,
 But your Arrival has prevented me.
 'Twas I that urg'd him to renew his Suit;
 And, judging rightly of the King's Intent,
 Beforehand I prepar'd this Scheme to send you.

Pursue

Pursue what I've concerted there; nor doubt,
Success shall wait upon the bold Attempt.

(Cecropia peruses the Paper.

CÆCROPIA.

O 'tis a glorious Thought! beyond my Hopes!
How shall I thank you for this wond'rous Goodness?

QUEEN.

Let Speed to execute express your Thanks.
Go, fly, and send Instructions to *Amphialus*,
Which may o'ertake him, ere he reaches Home,
That all things be prepar'd in time, to meet us.

(Exit Cecropia.

So, I have now dispos'd of *Philoclea*;
Her Beauty shall no more disturb my Peace. (Exit.

SCENE, the Garden.

PYROCLES and PHILOCLEA.

PYROCLES.

You see to what a Strait I am reduc'd;—
For, I must hence, this very Night, before
The curs'd appointed Hour. And, if you'll not
Consent to share my Fate, and with me fly
This desert Solitude, alas! I fear
I ne'er shall see my *Philoclea* more.

PHILOCLEA.

O talk not so! I cannot live without thee!—
But, my sweet Prince, wilt thou be faithful to me?
Wilt thou, for ever, be as kind as now?
There's such a lovely Terror in thy Looks,
Such Strength and Softness mingled in thy Frame,
That my whole Sex, I'm sure, will grow my Rivals.
And, Oh! I fear some wond'rous Beauty's Charms
May make thee to neglect thy *Philoclea*,
And then, I know, my Heart wou'd break with Grief.

PYROCLES.

PYROCLES.

Give me thy Hand ; (*Kneels*) and thus I summon all
The Pow'rs presiding o'er connubial Rites.

Hymen, thou God of ever-chaste Desire !

Bright *Cytherea* ! and thou God of Love !

Celestial Graces ! Heav'n-born *Concord* ! hear ;

And thou, great Thunder-bearer *Jove* ! look down,

Be thou the Witness of my holy Vow !

If ever, ev'n in Thought, my Heart shall stray

From this sweet Virgin's Love, then let your Bolts

Strike this false Breast, and hurl my Soul to Hell.

(*Philoclea kneels.*)

PHILOCLEA.

And here, on my Part, I repeat the same ;

And, in the Presence of the Gods, I swear,

That, as my *Pyrocles* has been my first,

So shall he be my last, my only Love. —

(*Rises.*)

Now I'll go with thee to the utmost Earth,

To the bleak North, or to the Torrid Zone,

O'er snowy Mountains, or o'er scorching Sands ;

Where'er you go, it is the Land of Love,

A Magic Spring shall bloom beneath our Feet.

PYROCLES.

Come, I will seat thee on the Throne of *Macedon*,

Whence *Alexander* rul'd the subject Globe.

My Joy ! my Life ! my Happiness ! my Bride !

A brighter Queen than e'er shone there before,

Tho' the fair Pride of *Asia* fill'd it once.

PHILOCLEA.

And thou shalt sit inthroned in my Heart,

My Lord ! my Prince ! my Sovereign ! my Love !

Here shalt thou reign, with most despotic Sway,

(*Embraces him.*)

And ev'ry Passion, Appetite and Wish

Shall, as true Subjects, own thee for their King :

Rebel Inconstancy shall fly the State,

While tender Love, thy faithful firm Ally,

E

Shall

Shall guard the Blessings of thy peaceful Reign.

PYROCLES.

How poor a Kingdom's *Macedon* to thine !
 Thy precious Heart is more than Worlds to me !——
 But, ere we go, I have another Care,
 A Care, that's second to my Love alone.
 I have a Friend, that's dearer than my Life ;
 One, whom I love, almost as well as thee,
 And, when thou know'st him, thou shalt love him too.
 'Tis *Musidorus*, 'tis my valiant Kinsman,
Bellona's fav'rite Son ! the Prince of *Thessaly* !
 O he's a gallant and a godlike Youth !
 A Soul compos'd of Majesty ! Yet he,
 (Such is the Power of Beauty, and of Love)
 Now lurks, like me, beneath a Shepherd's Weeds,
 And is that *Dorus*, who subdu'd *Amphialus* ?

PHILOCLEA.

My Sister almost did suspect as much ;
 For, from his Dignity of Soul, and Port
 Sublime, she thought he was no vulgar Being.

PYROCLES.

Know, 'twas her Beauty that transform'd him so :
 (We sympathize in Love as all Things else)
 And now, my Princess, I would have thee tell her,
 Ere we escape, his Quality and Name.

PHILOCLEA.

I'll fly, the gladsome Messenger of Love,
 And pour the soft Infection to her Heart. ——
 'Tis Death to leave thee

PYROCLES.

But we'll meet at Night,
 To part no more.—You know the Hour and Place.

PHILOCLEA.

It is an Age till then.

PYROCLES.

O *Philoclea* !

Shou'd you forget, a Moment may destroy us.

PHILO-

PHILOCLEA.

My Heart shall cease to beat, my Nerves to feel,
And ev'ry Sense grow careless of its Charge,
When I forget to wish myself with thee.

PYROCLES.

Adieu, thou fairest, kindest Excellence;
Till next we meet, I'm banish'd from myself. (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E, Dametas's Lodge.

PAMELA *sola.*

It cannot be but he's of royal Lineage;
For in his Looks there's Majesty divine,
And all his Air is Dignity and Grace.
Yet O my Heart! indulge not the fond Thought!
For if he shou'd not, ——— yet 'tis past a Doubt;
He is, he must, his Valour more than proves it.
And then, this Picture too confirms the rest.
'Tis surely he; his shadow'd Image in
The shining Mirror cannot be more true.
Here, like himself, the Godlike Youth appears;
A princely Robe flows loosely down his Back,
And a bright Diadem adorns his Brow.
I'll doubt no more; for, were he less than royal,
He wou'd not dare aspire to love a Princess.

Enter PHEBE.

So, *Phebe*, have you seen the Shepherd *Dorus*,
Since his Success to-day?

PHEBE.

No, my good Lady;
And I do wonder, if he loves me so
As he pretends he does, how he can stay
Away so long ——— I wou'd not serve him so.

E 2

PA-

PAMELA.

Poor simple Maid !
 How easy is thy Faith !---I must restrain her,
 For her Heart keeps too quick a pace for mine. (*Aside.*
Phebe, be sure, when *Dorus* comes, you treat him
 With such Reserve as may become a Virgin.

PHEBE.

I am afraid I cannot ; yet I'll try.---
 But here he comes !---O my Heart joys to see him !

Enter MUSIDORUS.

MUSIDORUS.

Most noble *Pamela*, the King my Master,
 For some slight Service I have done to-day,
 Hath rais'd me, from a Shepherd of the Plain,
 To the exalted Station of your Servant ;
 And I attend, to know your royal Pleasure.

PAMELA.

We do accept thy Services ; and will
 Employ thee, as Occasion shall require.

MUSIDORUS.

My gracious Princess, pardon my Presumption,
 But, once again, I must implore your Highness,
 That you will look with Pity on my Love— (*Pam. starts.*
 — She may perhaps,

Despise the Lowliness of my Condition,
 For that I lately kept her Father's Sheep.
 But tell her, my fair Princess, *Paris* once,
 The Son of *Priam*, upon *Ida's* Top
 Kept Sheep like me : Nor, did the Nymph *Oenone*
 Disdain to hear the youthful Pastor's Love.

PAMELA.

Ay, but that *Paris* play'd the Nymph most false.

MUSIDORUS.

In ev'ry thing I'm like him, but my Heart,
 For I'm as constant in my Love as *Hector* :

Tell

Tell her besides, that great *Apollo* once,
 Who rules the Golden Chariot of the Sun,
 Like me, assum'd a lowly Shepherd's Weeds,
 Disguis'd like me, to keep *Admetus*' Sheep:
 Tell her besides, that, once upon a Time,
 A Prince of *Thessaly*, call'd *Musidorus*,
 Like me conceal'd him, as an humble Swain,
 To woo the brightest Princess of the Earth.

PAMELA.

It must be so, and this is *Musidorus*,
 Whose Name still echoes from the Trump of Fame. (*Aside.*
 And did he prove successful in his Love?

MUSIDORUS.

There, my bright Princess, there I'm at a Loss;
 I read his Story in an ample Volume,
 That's call'd the Book of Life, and, at that Place,
 Old Time had thrown his Mantle o'er the Page.
 I to a Sybil once apply'd to know it,
 Who told me, 'twas a Tale that bore a Charm in't.
 If thou wou'd'st know, says she, that Prince's Fortunes;
 Thou must go seek, wherever she resides,
 In what lone Region of the Earth she dwells,
 The Daughter of a King; whose Form excels
 Whatever yet appear'd of human Beauty,
 And whose great Soul outshines her beauteous Form;
 Learn it of her, for she alone can tell.

PAMELA.

Men may prove false; then, how shall *Phebe* be
 Assur'd, that what you have affirm'd is true?

MUSIDORUS.

If, in the Guise of Truth, I've mask'd Deceit,
 Then from your Presence banish me for ever.
 To-day, bright Lady, walking o'er our Grounds,
 I found this foreign Coin, — for so it seems,
 I know not what it is, but humbly hope,
 Your Highness will accept it from your Servant.

PAMELA.

PAMELA.

What's here, a Medal of a Prince? and the
 Inscription,—*MUSIDORUS PRINCE OF THESSALY!*
 His Features too!—This cannot be Deceit. (*Aside.*
 I thank thee, gentle *Dorus*, I'll preserve
 This, with my other Coins; 'tis worth Regard.—

Enter PHILOCLEA.

Welcome, my dearest Sister, to my Arms.
 How fares my sweet Companion and my Friend?
 For, in that voluntary Tie, methinks,
 There's more than in the necessary Link
 Of Kindred, to connect our Souls.

PHILOCLEA.

My Sister,
 Till you had lodg'd beneath another Roof,
 Till I had felt the tedious Pangs of Absence,
 And sprightly Joy of meeting thee again,
 I knew not half the Fondness of my Soul.

MUSIDORUS.

O what a virtuous Pair of Friends! how blest,
 To be the mutual Sharers of such Love! (*Aside.*

PHILOCLEA.

How fares it, gentle *Dorus*!—

Pyrocles

Expects you now, where you are wont to meet.
 Start not, I know you, but I am your Friend.—

(Apart to Musidorus.

Sister, I pray you to dismiss your Servants,
 I've something to disclose in secret to you.

PAMELA.

Phebe, and *Dorus*, we wou'd now be private.

(Exeunt Phebe and Dorus.

PHILOCLEA.

My ever faithful Sister, I am come

To

To share with thee the Rapture of my Soul.
For O! I'm bless'd above the utmost Reach
Of wild Imagination to conceive.

Yet I account this Happiness imperfect,
Till you, approving, render it complete.

PAMELA.

And sometimes too a glimm'ring Flash of Hope,
Like Lightning, shoots athwart my gloomy Thoughts.
The Shepherd *Dorus* —

PHILOCLEA.

What of him, my Sister?
What new Discovery, since I saw you last?

PAMELA.

'Tis as I guess'd, and *Dorus* is a Prince;

PHILOCLEA.

I knew it well.

PAMELA.

He is not, sure, discover'd!

PHILOCLEA.

No, do not fear; I had it all from *Claius*.

PAMELA.

From *Claius*, say'st thou?—How shou'd *Claius* know?

PHILOCLEA.

You little think what Wonders I've to tell.—
But hush! I hear a Noise.—

PAMELA.

It is *Dametas*.

Enter DAMETAS.

DAMETAS.

Bright Princesses, her Majesty the Queen
Hath sent me to invite you to a Banquet,
Which for *Cecropia* she hath now prepar'd
Under a rich Pavilion in the Forest.

PAMELA.

PAMELA.

Anon we will attend her Majesty. *(Exit Dametas.)*

PHILOCLEA.

Come then, my Sister, as we go, I'll tell thee
Somewhat of near Importance to us both.

Perhaps, my Friend, we still may both be happy.

For me, the Measure of my Joy runs o'er,

Doubly I'm blest'd, nor do I wish for more ;

Of Heav'n's sublimest Raptures now secure,

Friendship refin'd, and Love divinely pure.

End of the Second ACT.

ACT



A C T III.

S C E N E, *The Forest.**Enter the KING solus.*

THIS Solitude gives Contemplation Scope;
 I love the solemn Darknefs of the Shade,
 Where awful Silence, undisturbed, dwells,
 Save, by the soft Musicians of the Grove,
 Whose gentle Notes, with native Sweetnefs tun'd,
 Create a pleasing, languishing Delight.
 'Tis Nature's self that fings, for here she reigns,
 And keeps her Court, in primitive Simplicity,
 Majestically grand. And, in the Wildnefs
 Of this sequester'd, this romantic Scene,
 There's such a Dignity, as awes the Fancy,
 And shames the labour'd Littlenefs of Art.

Enter DAMETAS and THYRSIS.

DAMETAS.

O dire Misfortune! all is lost for ever!

KING.

What can this Outcry mean? You, *Thyrsis*, speak.

THYRSIS.

O my good Lord,
 These Eyes beheld it all; but what cou'd I,
 A simple Swain, unarm'd, against such Force?
 Yet what I could, I did, this Blood attests;

F

And

And scarce I 'scap'd with Life.

KING.

Hence with Digression,
And tell me strait the Cause of this Up roar.
If thou but add'st one useless Word to thy
Narration, Slave, that Word shall be thy last.

THYRSIS.

As with Festivity and social Mirth,
Her Grace the Queen, *Cecropia*, and the two
Princesses sat together at a Banquet,
Close by the aged Shelter of that Oak,
Where we are wont to pay our annual Vows
To green *Sylvanus*; there, while chearful Joy
And laughing Pleasure mingled at the Feast,
Forth from the darksome Umbrage of the Wood
Issued an armed Host, O blackest Treachery!
And, with rude Violence and Hands profane,
Bore off your princely Daughters from our Sight.

KING.

Our Daughters! ha! recal thy Words: our Daughters

THYRSIS.

Too sure, my Lord, 'tis so.

KING.

Slave, where wert thou?
Where were the Shepherds? where was all the Forest?
O I am lost! the Oracle will now
Be soon compleat! Destruction comes upon me!
Here's Treason near! And did you not oppose them?
Where then was *Dorus*? he shou'd guard them safe,
It was his Duty. Here he might have shewn
His ill-tim'd Courage.

DAMETAS.

He's a faithless Traitor.

He then was absent; and, too much I fear,
He knew it all. For, as I met him now,
And told him the sad News, Guilt in his Looks
Grew visible: he trembled and turn'd pale,

Then

Then blush'd again, and, speechless, stood confounded:
But, when he had recover'd the Surprise,
In which his self-accusing Guilt had thrown him,
He made me no Reply, but strait turn'd off,
And, with the Swiftneſs of a Mountain Roe,
Leap'd o'er the Pale, and fled tow'rds *Mantineæ*.

KING.

Pursue him strait, and let it be proclaim'd,
Whoever brings me in the Traitor's Head,
Shall have it's tenfold Weight in pureſt Gold.
O my poor Children! Fly to *Mantineæ*,
Alarm our Viceroy *Philanax*, and bid him,
With Expedition arm our Kingdom's Force.
Fly, *Thyrſis*, fly, proclaim it as you go;
Arm all our Subjects, and pursue the Traitors.
Our Life depends upon 't. (Exit *Thyrſis*.)

Enter the QUEEN.

This was your doings.

QUEEN.

Mine, my good Lord! Who is't that dares accuse me?

KING.

Yes, 'twas your Feasting forth — I never lik'd it:
I knew 'twou'd come to this. Who were the Traitors?
Who set them on? where have they ta'en my Children?
What is their Purpose?

QUEEN.

Base Ingratitude!

We are abus'd, by those whom most we lov'd.
It was *Amphialus*, it was *Cecropia*,
'Twas they contriv'd it, that you might consent
To *Philoclea*'s Nuptials, 'gainst all Faith,
They forc'd both her and *Pamela* away.

KING.

And was there no one to oppose the Traitors?
Did they go tamely off? O Shame! O Shame!

F 2

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

No ; for young *Claius* from a Soldier's Hand
 A Faulchion snatch'd ; and, leaping 'midst the Foe,
 Perform'd such Wonders, as surpass Belief.
 Long time he fought with Courage more than human,
 Till slaughter'd Heaps had form'd a Bulwark round him.
 At length, encompass'd by a Croud of Foes,
 From all Sides they pour'd in, at once, upon him,
 Clog'd ev'ry Blow, and made him then their Captive.
 But then, good Gods ! when he was bound in Chains,
 What Indignation darted from his Eye !
 And Rage and Madness echoed from his Tongue !
 Him too they carried off ; perhaps, to make
 His Life th' Attonement for his loyal Faith.

KING.

We will pursue them. O I burn with Rage !
 Quick-winged Vengeance soon shall make them feel
 The dreadful Terrors of offended Majesty. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E *changes to AMPHIALUS's Castle.*

AMPHIALUS, *Officers and Attendants.*

AMPHIALUS.

'Twas bravely done !—Now *Philoclea's* Charms
 Shall crown my Love.—Let all things be prepar'd
 As for a Siege. The Castle's Strength and our
 Courage will entertain them for a Month,
 At least till all our Friends are up in Arms.
 Besides, the King's late Usage of his Daughters
 Has so estrang'd his Subjects' Liegance from him,
 That half the Kingdom will take part with us.
 And let our Manifesto strait declare,
 Our only Purpose is, to free our Cousins
 From an inhuman Exile. This will make
 Justice appear, at least, to fight for us,
 And in her Train the People soon will follow ;
 They'll follow any Phantom dress'd like her.

Enter

Enter CECROPIA.

CECROPIA.

Hail to my Son ! now thou'rt my Son indeed !
To-day I've giv'n thee second Birth, a Birth
To Greatness and to Empire ; and I now
Will venture to salute thee by the Name
Of King, my Son, for so thou'lt shortly be.
Methinks I see the glorious Circle blaze
With regal Lustre on thy martial Brow.
Ambition's Eye is dazzled with its Beams ! ——
Both *Pamela* and *Philoclea* now
Are in our Power. One of them you wed,
And, with her, wed the Kingdom of *Arcadia* ;
And, for the other, —— I shall soon provide.
What ! does not this look well ! why pause you so ?
Why are you not transported at the Thought ?

AMPHIALUS.

I fear the World will think this Deed amiss.

CECROPIA.

Are not the Thrones of Kings above the reach
Of vulgar Censure, or of vulgar Fame ?
Let groveling Souls, Souls form'd but to obey,
Start at the Sound of Reputation's Voice ;
Let Children tremble at its frightful Roar ——
We know 'tis nought but incorporeal Air.

Enter an OFFICER.

OFFICER.

My Lord, the Princesses are now arriv'd,
And wait to be conducted to your Presence ;
And with them we have brought a hardy Swain,
Who, singly, for a Time oppos'd us all,
And slew a Number of our Friends ; for which
Th' enraged Soldiery expect Revenge.

Enter

Enter PAMELA and PHILOCLEA guarded; PYROCLES in Chains; EUGENIA and Attendants.

PYROCLES. (*As he enters.*)

Come, lead me to your Prince, he'll blush to own it.
Sir, they traduce you here. These Villains say, (*To Amp.*)
By your Command, against the sacred Laws
Of Hospitality, we were surpriz'd,
Treated like Slaves, and loaded thus with Chains.
(I'll not believe them, 'tis beneath a Soldier)
First bid them set us free, then punish them.
Some few my Hand chastis'd. Had they not come,
By treach'rous Stealth upon me, by Surprise,
I cou'd have slain a Phalanx of such Foes.

AMPHIALUS.

Ha! what art thou that dar'st with Insolence
So rude, to lift thy Voice when I am by?
Dost thou not know me, that I'm Sov'reign here?
I recollect thee now.—Hence with the Slave,
And in a Dungeon let him shake his Chains,
Till I am more at Leisure, to devise
A Punishment for his audacious Crimes.

PYROCLES.

And yet I shou'd have thought so! how cou'd I
Suspect that Nobleness possess his Heart,
Whose Baseness I had seen to-day! O that
My Hands were free, to strike him to the Earth?
They say the Brute hath Courage.—If thou art
A Man, I challenge thee to single Combat,
Where, if I fall, be *Philoclea* thine.—
Trust to the Fortune of your Servant's Arm;
Consent to wed him, if he conquers me.—
Speak, I defy thee, base ungen'rous Man!
Thou foul Disgrace of ev'ry martial Glory!

AMPHIALUS,

What, dost thou hurl Defiance in my Face!

Then

Then will I end thy Insolence at once.

(Going to draw his Sword.

But hold — I will not kill thee now ; for that
Were but Impunity, compar'd to what
Our cooler Vengeance shall inflict hereafter.

PYROCLES.

Thou shalt repent of this ! — Inhuman Monster !
I'll make thee rue it. Yes, this shackled Arm
Shall, one Day, burst these ignominious Bonds,
And level to the Earth thy Pride-swoln Crest.

AMPHIALUS.

Hence, to his Dungeon, drag him from my Sight.

PYROCLES.

Nay then, you shall not. — All your Tyrant Force
Combin'd against me, shall not tear me hence ;
If I must die, here kill me in their Sight :
Rip out the Coward Heart that saw them injur'd,
And impotently fail'd in their Defence.
You shall not, Ruffians. — Tear me Limb from Limb —
O *Philoclea* ! — *(Pyrocles is forc'd off.*

CECROPIA.

Come, my beauteous Cousins,
Let not vain Sorrow cloud these sparkling Eyes.

PAMELA.

Hence, Monster, hence ! thou Scandal to Humanity !
I hate myself for being of thy Species.
Shew me my Dungeon, that is all I ask ;
I scorn thy Friendship, and defy thy Hatred.

CECROPIA.

Then be it so ; since you reject, with Pride,
Our proffer'd Kindness, lead her to her Chamber,
Where none shall see her without special Leave.

PHILOCLEA.

Upon my Knees I beg you will not part us.

PAMELA.

For shame, my Sister ; rather think to move

The

The faithless Crocodile to real Pity.

AMPHIALUS.

Rise, lovely Princess, you shalt be my Queen,
And all Things here shall move by thy Command.

PHILOCLEA.

I ask not for my Freedom, that were vain,
I only ask to make my Bondage easy.

AMPHIALUS.

Call it not Bondage.

PHILOCLEA.

Let me then enjoy
The Comfort of my Sister's sweet Society,
That mutual Converse may beguile our Griefs.

AMPHIALUS.

It shall be so.

CECROPIA. (*Apart to Amphialus.*)

You know not what you promise.
It cannot be; they must be kept apart. —
Some little Time, my Cousin, 'tis expedient
That you shou'd lodge asunder; but, anon,
You shall find all Things suited to your Wishes.

PHILOCLEA.

I must submit—I will be very patient.
Yet grant me one Request—it is not much.
O spare the Life of that unhappy Youth,
For my sake spare him!—nay, deal gently with him.
His only Crime was Loyalty to us;
And I should never taste of Comfort more,
Were he suffer any Harm for me.

AMPHIALUS.

Since you request it, then he must be pardon'd.

CECROPIA.

Conduct them to their several Apartments;
That done, attend me here again with Speed.
Away ———

(*To Eugenia.*)

PAMELA.

Now, now, my Sister, summon all

Your

Thy Fortitude ; if possible, be more
Than Woman ; nor let Art or Force prevail
To shake the virtuous Purpose of thy Soul,

PHILOCLEA,

I can but die, and that I'll freely do.

(Philoclea and Pamela are led off different ways.)

Manent AMPHIALUS and CECROPIA.

AMPHIALUS.

I'm much afraid this Treatment may beget
A fix'd Dislike in *Philoclea* tow'rd's me.

CECROPIA.

These are but Maiden Wiles, I know them well.
Think you she is not glad to be releas'd,
From pining Solitude, to be thy Bride ?
Leave me to manage her. But, at the worst,
Force may supply the Place of her Consent.

AMPHIALUS.

I cannot think of that.

CECROPIA.

You know not Woman !

Consider too, we are advanc'd so far,
Here is no room for Delicacy now.
There's no receding ; we must boldly on,
Nor stop at Ceremony. Were there no
Means else to fix the Crown upon thy Head,
Their Death should put thy Title out of doubt,
As being next of Kindred to the Throne.
This is resolv'd, thou shalt be King, my Son ;
That Point we'll climb to, but by what degrees,
Whether by Death or Marriage, still remains
To be determin'd. Both are in our Choice.

AMPHIALUS.

Talk not of Death, 'twou'd ruin all my Hopes.
I'd wish to have my own Pretensions strengthen'd
By this Alliance. It will please the People——
I must go visit now my Castle's Strength,
And see all things dispos'd for our Defence ;

G

For

For ev'ry Minute we expect the Foe. (Exit Amph.
CECROPIA *sola*.

If *Philoclea* shou'd prove obstinate,
We'll try the other; haply she may wed him.
She seems enrag'd we have not fix'd on her.
If she consent, then *Philoclea* dies.
If both refuse, and neither can be won,
Then both their Deaths already are resolv'd.
Amphialus is Pity's milky Fool,
And cannot think to kill them, 'cause they're Women.
He suck'd not in such Softness from my Breast—
No matter—I can spare his fearful Aid,
Nor shall he know till I have done the Deed.

Enter EUGENIA.

EUGENIA.

Madam, the Princesses are now dispos'd
As you commanded.

CECROPIA.

It is well. But how
Brook they Confinement? What says *Philoclea*?

EUGENIA.

At first she melted into Tears; but soon
Summon'd unusual Spirit in her Looks:
Then hasty falling on her Knees, she rais'd
Her Eyes to Heav'n, and, with determin'd Voice,
Hear me, just Gods! she cried; if e'er my Heart
Be forc'd or won to yield to their Desires,
Then level all your Thunders at my Head.

CECROPIA.

She too so resolute! but soon I'll shake
The stubborn Purpose of her wilful Heart.—
Go tell her instantly, 'tis my Resolve,
(I'll be as short as she) if, ere the Sun
Sink to the West, she will not wed *Amphialus*,
She ne'er shall see him rise.—I'll not be fool'd.

By

By Heav'n she dies.--Go,--tell her this from me. (*Exit.*

EUGENIA *sola.*

Too well I know, thy Cruelty will act
Whate'er thy Int'rest or Ambition prompts ;
For long since Murders are familiar to thee.
Alas, poor Lady ! I lament her Fate ! (*Exit.*

The SCENE changes to a Camp without the Castle.

PHILANAX and the KING.

PHILANAX.

I wish, my Lord, I'd known of this before.
Had you told me, you had no other Cause
For your Retirement than such an Oracle,
Ere this I wou'd have taught you to despise it.
Consider, Sir, how groundless are your Fears !
Either th' Event's irrevocably fix'd,
Or not ; if fix'd, it is in vain t' oppose it ;
If not, Precaution's idly thrown away.

KING.

But tho' the destin'd Stroke must surely fall,
Prudence awhile may stop the Hand of Fate.

PHILANAX.

If there be such a Power as Fate, that hath
Foredoom'd for Man the Actions of his Life,
It is as reasonable to think, that Power
Hath fix'd the Time, as Manner of our Actions.
But much I doubt of both. For, why shou'd Heav'n
Have sent us Reason, as a skilful Pilot,
But that he might, by Wisdom's Star, direct
This our frail Bark through all the Rocks and Shelves
That threaten Shipwreck in the Sea of Life ?
But, if Necessity commands the Helm,
He steers us down th' impetuous Tide of Fate ;
And, like th' *Egyptian* Peasant in his Skiff,
Who shoots the headlong Cataracts of *Nile*,

Can neither stop nor turn aside our Course.
Reason must then sit idly looking on,
Or, like a pale and frightened Passenger,
Only distract by giving vain Advice.

KING.

My *Philanax*, thou speak'st with Wisdom's Tongue,
And heav'nly Truth sits Guardian of thy Lips.
To thy just Guidance I resign my Will;
Say, whither wou'd'st thou lead? — I'll follow thee.

PHILANAX.

You find there is a visible Necessity
That you consent to let your Daughter wed
Amphialus. That only can prevent
Th' uncertain Chances of a civil War.
We're here encamp'd before his Castle Walls,
With such a Force as never can reduce it.
Besides, the People flock from ev'ry Quarter
To join his Standard. So there now remains
But this one Way, to save the sad Calamities
That must ensue, if you persist in War.

KING.

It shall be so. I do consent she wed him.
And I will send thee my Ambassador
With the Proposal; but, on these Conditions,
That he restore my Daughter *Pamela*.
If he accepts these Terms, full half my Kingdom
Shall be her Dower.

PHILANAX.

'Tis already done;
And Peace, already, smiles upon the Land.

Enter an OFFICER.

OFFICER.

My Lord, a Gentleman is just arriv'd,
Who calls himself Ambassador from *Thessaly*,
And begs your Majesty wou'd give him Audience.

KING.

KING.

What can his Errand be?---Give him Admittance.

Enter MUSIDORUS.

MUSIDORUS.

Much injur'd Monarch, I am come with Greeting
 From *Musidorus*, who was late the Prince,
 But, by his Father's sudden Death, is now
 The King of *Thessaly*. Disguis'd he travell'd,
 As a young Nobleman, to see the Courts
 And various Manners of the States of *Greece*;
 And was at *Mantineæ*, when he heard
 Th' inhospitable Wrong contriv'd against you.
 If you have ever heard of *Musidorus*,
 You then have heard, his Sword hath oft been drawn
 To rescue Virtue from Oppression's Hand;
 He hath proclaim'd eternal War with Tyrants,
 With all who violate the Faith of Nations;
 And, to his Friendship 'tis sufficient Claim,
 To be at once but virtuous and distress'd.
 For this, illustrious Monarch, I'm dispatch'd,
 To offer you his Kingdom's Strength to serve you:
 A well-train'd Force of fifty thousand Men,
 All chosen Veterans, long flesh'd in War,
 Whom oft he led, thro' Fields of Death, to Conquest,
 Now wait his Orders, and himself shall head them.
 Ten Days, at most, will march them to these Walls,
 Where, at thy Nod, he'll level to the Earth
 These tow'ring Ramparts, and avenge thy Wrongs.

KING.

Blest be the godlike Youth that sent thee hither.
 This unexpected Succour from a Prince,
 With whom we've neither Friendship or Alliance,
 Comes like an Aid immediate from the Gods.
 With Gratitude, we thank thy royal Master.
 We were about to parly with these Traitors,

But

But thy Arrival fills us with new Hopes.
I will not, *Philanax*, consent my Daughter,
My much-lov'd Daughter, e'er shou'd wed a Traitor.

PHILANAX.

My Lord, when I advis'd you to consent
To his Desires, Necessity compell'd it.
But since the Gods, who still take charge of Virtue,
Have sent you such an unexpected Force,
'Tis fit we follow where they seem to lead;
And, as they've put a Scourge into our Hands,
With bloody Stripes Rebellion shou'd be mark'd —
— It is my Counsel then you grant no Terms,
But that you wait till *Musidorus* come,
If we for certain may depend upon him.

MUSIDORUS.

I will, great Sir, be Hostage for his Faith;
For, at the instant that he heard your Wrongs,
He sent Dispatches into *Theffaly*,
With Orders that his Troops should strait proceed,
With th' utmost Expedition, on their March,
To join your Forces. In the mean time, Sir,
Permit me to enlist a Volunteer
Beneath your royal Banner. Nor am I
A Novice quite in the dread Trade of War.
Oft have I fought where *Musidorus* conquer'd;
In all his Dangers I have still been with him,
And I've been still a Partner of his Councils.
Whatever then our Head, our Hand, our Heart
Cou'd e'er devise, cou'd execute, cou'd prompt,
With added Vigor we'll exert to serve you.

KING.

Such noble Gallantry appears in all
Thy Words and Thoughts, as speaks thee a fit Minister
For such a Godlike Prince as *Musidorus*.
Thy Services we thankfully accept. —
Come, *Philanax*, we'll thro' the Camp together,
And rouse a martial Spirit in the Troops.

There

There was a Time,—nor is it quite elaps'd,
When with this single Arm I cou'd have met
The daring Rebel on the desp'rate Plain.

(Exeunt King and Philanax.)

MUSIDORUS *solus.*

I've heard old bearded Sages, in the Schools,
Say, Love enervated the human Heart.
'Tis false, they speak of what they never felt.
Ere now I've courted Glory for my Mistress;
Trampling o'er Death, I've woo'd her in the Field.
Oft in the desp'rate Breach she smil'd upon me,
Filling my Soul with Ardors more than human.
But this is Cowardice, compar'd to that
Enthusiastic Greatness Love inspires.
My former Deeds, all I've atchiev'd in Fame,
Fade into nothing, when I think of what
Illustrious Wonders I cou'd now perform,
Led on by Beauty, and inflam'd by Love.
True virtuous Love exalts the gen'rous Mind,
As by the Fire the precious Ore's refin'd. *(Exit.)*

End of the Third ACT.

ACT



A C T IV.

S C E N E, *a Dungeon.*PYROCLES *solus.*

WAS'T not to-night I thought I shou'd be happy,
 Possess'd of ev'ry Wish, of all that's dear,
 Possess'd of *Philoclea*? sweetest Name,
 That sounds like Music to my ravish'd Ear!
 How the Remembrance of her fond Endearments
 Clings round my Heart, and tells me what I am,
 A Captive Slave, secluded from her Sight!
 How fall'n, alas! from the dear, happy State,
 When my Heart fed on her ambrosial Smiles,
 And her sweet Talk made wrinkled Time look gay! —
 Shall I, kind Gods! be e'er so blest'd again?

Enter EUGENIA.

Who's there? — O! bring'st thou News of *Philoclea*?
 Thou'st some soft Message, sure, if come from her;
 Let my Eyes feast upon it —

EUGENIA.

Gentle Youth,
 Alas! my Message is a Tale of Sorrow!

PYROCLES.

O my foreboding Heart! O tell it quickly!
 It cannot equal what my Fears suggest.

Eu-

EUGENIA.

Your Fears can't paint worse Horrors than the Truth.
 But think not I'm the Minister of Cruelty ;
 Tho' here I wait upon *Cecropia's* Will;
 For all the Treasure that the Earth contains,
 I'd not adopt a Thought of her's for mine.
 I have a Heart that's form'd of tender Mould,
 That weeps with Pity while I'm forc'd to tell,
 Already *Pamela* is doom'd to die.

PYROCLES.

Thou said'st not so ! recal the dreadful Word. —

EUGENIA.

Oh ! that her Fate depended on my Word,
 Then wou'd I call her back to Life ; but now
 The Scaffold is preparing in the Court,
 Where they have sentenc'd her this Hour to die.
 And, if the Gods do not avert the Blow,
 Poor *Philoclea* too must share her Fate.

PYROCLES.

O thou hast kill'd me with the very Sound ! —
 Cou'd'st thou but set me free and then procure
 Me but a Sword, I wou'd release them both. —
 There's not a Soul within these Walls shou'd live,
 I'd slay them all, or perish in th' Attempt.

EUGENIA.

Wou'd I cou'd set thee free with all my Soul. —

*Enter CECROPIA, with a Letter in her Hand, followed
 by a Guard.*

CECROPIA.

Here, seize the Traiteurs.

EUGENIA.

What is't I have done !

Indeed, I'm innocent.

CECROPIA.

You know your Duty, Sir ; (*To the Officer.*

H

You've

You've my Commands already how to act.

(Exit Eugenia guarded.)

PYROCLES.

In Form thou seem'st compos'd of human Mould,
Thou shou'd'st be Woman--whence, this brutal Cruelty?

CECROPIA.

This Cruelty! this Justice, Sir; for here
From the Queen's Hand (why start you at that Name?)
I have Intelligence of what thou art,
And she demands thee back, as the chief Cause
Of all these civil Broils. -- I know you, Sir,
And know the secret Spring that moves thy Soul;
Know 'tis for *Philoclea* thou'rt disguis'd.
For this the young Deceiver begg'd thy Life——
But I have fix'd her Doom.——

PYROCLES.

Ha! fix'd her Doom!

CECROPIA.

Yes, if you save her not.

PYROCLES.

O! tell me how!

I cou'd surmount Impossibilities
To save my *Philoclea*.

CECROPIA.

Her Life now
Depends on the Persuasion of thy Tongue.
Already I have tried all means to move her,
But she's most obstinately bent on Death.——

PYROCLES.

Still I'm distracted! whom must I persuade?
For, with the melting Eloquence of Love
I'd soften Flint in *Philoclea's* Cause.

CECROPIA.

She hath this short Alternative to chuse.
If she will wed *Amphialus*, my Son.——

PYROCLES.

Ha! wed *Amphialus*!

CECROPIA.

CECROPIA.

Then shall she live and reign, a glorious Queen---.
 If she continues to refuse, she dies.
 No more.---If then thy Influence can prevail
 Upon her to be wise and live, thou now
 Mayst pay her back the Debt of Life thou ow'st her,
 And prove her Safety no less dear to thee
 Than she accounted thine.

PYROCLES.

My Heart is rent in twain!---Oh ! racking Misery !
 Thou can'st not mean it.

CECROPIA.

Yes ; by th' infernal Deities I swear,
 There's not a Pow'r in Heav'n, or Force in Hell,
 Shall shake the stedfast Purpose of my Soul.

PYROCLES.

Allow me but some little Space of Time. ---

CECROPIA.

No, not an Hour. If thou regard'st her Life,
 Within this half Hour let me know her Answer.
 Let it be short ; be only, Yes, or No :
 If she consent, the Priest is at the Altar ;
 If not---the Executioner is ready ;
 Within this Hour she marries or she dies.

PYROCLES.

She must not die ; and, tho' 'tis worse to me
 Than Death and all the Torments of the Damn'd,
 To think of parting with her,---she shall live, ---
 Tho' not for me---I cannot see her bleed.
 O lead me to her.---Fate shall be obey'd.
 'Tis mine to die, since one of us must fall !

CECROPIA.

Then I'll conduct you to her---follow me.

PYROCLES.

I must, I will prevail---she shall not die.

Exeunt.

H 2

SCENE,

SCENE, PHILOCLEA's Apartment.

PHILOCLEA *discovered sitting in a melancholy Posture.*

Why was I born the Daughter of a King?
 I might be blest'd in some more humble State.
 And yet I once did think I should be happy;
 But let me ne'er repeat that Word again.
 Adieu to Happiness! adieu to Hope!
 Adieu to Love! O *Pyrocles*! adieu!
 Thou dearest Youth, I ne'er again shall hear
 Thy Heart's soft Language, or behold thy Eyes
 Flow with moist Rapture while they gaze on mine!
 O never! never! shall I see thee more!
 Yet I have been by hoary Sages taught,
 That there's another Life comes after this;
 Where the fond Shades of hapless Lovers stray
 Through flow'ry Meadows and immortal Groves;
 There I may meet my *Pyrocles* again.
 There's Comfort in that Thought!—

(*Kneels.*

Father of Gods

And Men! Thou most Supreme! Prime Cause of all!
 By whatsoever Names thou art ador'd,
 Look down with Pity on a poor, poor Maid,
 Whose Load of Sorrow is too great to bear:
 But, when the Measure of my Grievs is full,
 And thy Designs mysterious are compleat,
 O let my Spirit find some Land of Rest!
 Some peaceful Mansion in the Realms of Death!

Enter CECROPIA and PYROCLES.

PYROCLES.

Sweet Soul, she holds high Converse with the Gods!
 I pray you leave us.

CECROPIA.

CECROPIA.

Well, you know the Time;
 And think her Life depends on your Success,
(Philoclea continues on her Knees.) (Exit Cecropia.)

PHILOCLEA.

But, whatsoever you decree for me,
 O bless my *Pyrocles* with happy Days!
 Let him not pine with Grief when I am gone;
 Tho' he may sometimes think that once I lov'd him,
 Lov'd him, ye Gods! how much above my Life!

PYROCLES.

O Heav'ns! must I hear this, and must I lose her!--
 Celestial Votress, this way turn thy Eyes,
 See what a Wretch stands here.—
(Philo. starts from her Knees and runs with Rapture to him.)

PHILOCLEA.

Hah! *Pyrocles*!

My Prayers are heard! and Heav'n hath sent him to me!
 O my Heart's Love, my Life, my Joy, my Soul,
 And do I hold thee in these Arms again!
 I thought, indeed, I ne'er should see thee more:
 But now, I thank ye, Gods, for this last Blessing;
 I now am happy, and shall die contented!--
 Why wilt thou turn away? dost thou not joy
 To see me, Love?

PYROCLES.

I do indeed, but oh!

I cannot speak! ———

PHILOCLEA.

Then look with Pleasure on me.

PYROCLES.

O! I cou'd look until my Eye-balls burst!--
 But 'tis in vain—I've now no use of Eyes,
 But as they serve to weep!--O *Philoclea*!

PHILOCLEA.

O weep not so; what are the worst of Ills
 To Souls thus link'd by Sympathy like ours?

Our

Our Happiness is center'd in ourselves,
 Beyond the Reach of any outward Force.
 Tho' Heav'n should pour down Sorrows on my Head,
 Tho' I were lock'd for ever from thy Sight;
 Yet when I think thy Love is still the same,
 Bless'd in that Thought, I should forget my Grievs.

PYROCLES.

O so shou'd I, had not too cruel Fate
 Decreed that thou must change.

PHILOCLEA.

O never! never!

Nor Chains, nor Whips, nor Dungeons, no nor Death
 Itself, can alter my Affections for thee.
 I've plac'd thee in my Heart, and they shall dig
 Deep to the Center, that wou'd pluck thee thence.

PYROCLES.

O Torture! — but thou must now forget me —
 Forget that ever *Pyrocles* had Being,
 And thou may'st still be bless'd. — I'm so unhappy,
 That, but to think of me, will make thee wretched.

PHILOCLEA.

What means my Love?

PYROCLES.

If ever you esteem'd

Your *Pyrocles*, deserving of your Love,
 Give me one Proof, one great convincing Proof;
 With most deliberate Awe, you now must promise,
 Nay, you must swear, to grant me one Request. —
 Do not refuse me. — This will be my last.

PHILOCLEA.

Is there in *Philoclea's* Power to grant
 A Boon, that *Pyrocles* may not command?
 Speak, speak thy Wish, I have no Will but thine.
 Whate'er it is, I swear, by Heav'n, to grant it.

PYROCLES.

That thou wilt live.

PHI-

PHILOCLEA.

I will not kill myself.

PYROCLES.

Perhaps thou know'st not, that this very Hour
Is doom'd to be thy last.

PHILOCLEA.

I did not think

That Death was quite so near. But let it come ;
I ne'er shall die with more Content than now.
I feel a kind of melancholy Joy,
To think, my *Pyrocles*, I die for thee.

PYROCLES.

To save thy Life still there is one Way left.
Since Fate will have it that I must be wretched,
Link not thy Fortunes to my sinking Hopes ;
Let me be drown'd alone in Misery.
Consent to wed *Amphialus*, and live ;
Strive to be happy. — I'll despair and die.

PHILOCLEA.

I never thought that thou cou'd'st use me thus.
It is ungenerous ; 'tis most unkind ;
Thou'st stung me to the Heart. Now, now I see,
Thou never lov'd'st me, or thou cou'd'st not thus
Tamely resign me to another's Arms.
Now let me die, indeed : Since *Pyrocles*
Is false, I wou'd not, nay I will not live.
O to be thus cast off by him I lov'd !
To whom I gave my very Soul away !
But I deserve it, and am justly punish'd.
Here, here let me repent me of my Folly !
(Falls upon the Ground.)

Here let me rave, despair, run mad, and die !—
O that my Eyes were Cataracts of Tears,
That I might overflow the World with Grief,
And drown my Senses in a Flood of Woe !

PYRO.

PYROCLES.

O kill me not, by doubting thus my Love.
 Had I but any Instrument of Death,
 By Heav'n I'd plunge it in my Heart before thee;
 If with my Blood I might approve my Faith.
 O rise, sweet Maid! 'tis Love that prompts my Tongue;
 To save thy Life, I am content to be
 For ever wretched.

PHILOCLEA. (*Rising.*)

Think'st thou then that I
 Set such a Value upon wretched Life,
 To purchase it at the Expence of Love,
 Of Truth, of Happiness, of Virtue too?
 Are we not bound by the most solemn Vows!
 (Are they so soon forgot?) and who shall dare
 To violate their holy Faith? — Wilt thou?

PYROCLES.

My Death shall soon absolve thee of thy Vow.

PHILOCLEA.

And dost thou think I wou'd survive thee then?
 Thou little know'st thy *Philoclea's* Heart.
 Thou think'st perhaps I'm weak: my Nerves, 'tis true,
 Can't wield the Sword, or hurl the beamy Lance;
 But I can rise against a Weight of Woe.
 I scorn Afflictions; I'm above them all;
 I will be greatly wretched: Love, like mine,
 Is like a God, invincibly supreme.

PYROCLES.

O heav'nly Maid! thy Virtue's more than human!
 I feel its Influence beaming from thy Soul,
 And, as I gaze, I catch th' inspiring Flame.
 Its sacred Energy dilates my Breast,
 And I will now contend with thee in Greatness. —
 Yes, thou shalt die; — but I'll do greater still, —
 I will survive thee.

PHILOCLEA.

O! I charge thee live.

PYROCLES.

PYROCLES.

But it is only to avenge thy Death.
 I'll build a Temple to thee, where thou fall'st;
 (Men shall adore thy Constancy and Truth)
 And on thy Altars every living Soul
 Within this Citadel, with all their Kindred,
 Their aged Parents, and their tender Babes,
 Shall bleed thy Victims, — then I'll slay myself.

Enter CECROPIA.

CECROPIA.

The Time's elaps'd, I now expect an Answer.
 Is she resolv'd?

PYROCLES.

She is.

CECROPIA.

On what?

PHILOCLEA.

To die.

CECROPIA.

What! dar'st thou die! perhaps thou know'st not what
 It is to die. I will instruct thee in it.

Look out upon that Scaffold in the Court,
 Where thou may'st see what thou shalt be anon.

(They look out of the Side Scene.)

PHILOCLEA.

What do I see? or do my Eyes deceive me?
 It is my Sister. Sure they will not murder her!
 What means that bloody Ruffian with a Sword?
 Look up, sweet *Pamela*. — Her Eyes are veil'd. —
 Hide not thy Face, look on the barb'rous Man,
 And he can never strike the cruel Blow. —
 O kill me first!

CECROPIA.

They wait for my Command.

When I shall wave my Handkerchief, one Blow
 Cuts short her Thread of Life. Then ere I give

I

The

The fatal Signal, will you save her Life
And wed *Amphialus*? — But, if she dies,
Remember 'twas your Tongue pronounc'd her Doom.

PHILOCLEA.

Why should I fear for her,
What I despise myself. Her noble Soul
Disdains to live on any Terms like these. —
Lead to the Scaffold, there we'll die together.

CECROPIA.

Then she is dead.

(*Waves her Handkerchief at the Side Scene.*)

PHILOCLEA.

O stay, Barbarian, hold,
Stop thy inhuman Hand! — Oh! it is done (*Faints.*)

PYROCLES.

O horrid Murder! barbarous bloody Monster!
How fares it *Philoclea*? 'tis too much,
Too much of Misery, for thee to bear.

PHILOCLEA. (*Reviving.*)

Alas where am I? Thought begins to dawn!
Was it some Sleep, and did I dream of Horrors!
Or is't a sad Reality of Woe!
Ha! Recollection wakes me to despair!
I saw the cruel Blow, I saw her bleed,
She's gone! she's gone! — My Sister and my Friend!
Must I remember! — how it racks my Thought!
O let me rave and burst the Bounds of Reason,
Letting wild Madness like a Deluge in,
To wash away Remembrance from my Brain.

CECROPIA.

Does Death look now so lovely, that thou wilt
Prefer his grim Embraces to my Son?

PHILOCLEA.

Sooner I'd marry with *Hyrcean* Tygers,
For they are Monsters more humane than he, —
O, my sweet *Pamela*, to wed thy Murderer! —
Sooner I'd marry that relentless Blood-hound,
The Executioner that gave the Blow.

CECROPIA.

Then I have done, 'tis thus thy Influence moves. (*To Pyro.*
Hence to the Scaffold with her ; she shall die. (*Exit Ce-*

PHILOCLEA.

cropia.

Yes, I will die, and thank the Hand that kills me.

But, let us take our everlasting Leave. —

O I shall never clasp thee thus again !

And yet if Heav'n had pleas'd, we shou'd have been

Supremely happy——but we will submit

And think of it no more.—Farewel for ever.

PYROCLES.

Oh ! *Philoclea*, must we, must we part ?

PHILOCLEA.

Weep not for me, you'll see I'll bear it nobly.

I feel a pleasing Chearfulness come o'er me.

When, for the sake of Virtue, we're distress'd,

There's something, even in Wretchedness, that's happy.

May all thy Days be crown'd with smiling Joys ;

And, if it will not interrupt thy Peace,

Remember, when I'm gone, how once I lov'd thee.

(*Philoclea is led off.*)

PYROCLES.

Then I defy the worst that Fate can do,

Show down all your Vengeance on my Head.

Thus I devote it to your angry Bolts. (*Tears his Hair.*

My Brain's on Fire, Hell rages in my Breast,

And madding Furies tear the Strings of Life.

Burst, burst, my Soul, and send forth all your Plagues,

At once to fill and curse the guilty World. (*Exit.*

*The SCENE changes to the King's Pavilion in the
Camp. The KING, MUSIDORUS, and PHILANAX, as at
a Council of War.*

KING.

My noble Friend, Associate of our Toils,

Prop of our sinking Hopes, thou Pride of War !

As we already owe such countless Sums

Of Gratitude and Praise to thy great Worth ;

I 2

We

We cannot think on any desp'rate Chance
To risk a Life we prize above Success.

PHILANAX.

I too, my Lord, most highly rate his Life,
But, on one Cast with him, will stake my own.
For 'tis a Scheme, I think most practicable.

KING.

Propose it, Sir, we'll give it due Attention.

MUSIDORUS.

As I walk'd round, to view the Castle's Strength,
On the *North* side I did perceive a Tower,
Half fall'n to Ruin, and o'er-grown with Ivy.
Near it a Mount of Rubbish lies, the Fragments
Of its once lofty Dome, by which th' Ascent
Is easy. Unperceiv'd, I climb'd its Battlements,
And, looking round, no Centinel was near.
Once I was startled, and for a Time I thought
I was surpriz'd.— For, from a dusky Vault
A moping Owl flush'd full into my Face.
It was an Omen, more than superstitious,
A sacred Messenger from Heav'n, sent down
To tell me, that the Place was unfrequented.
With cautious Step I stole me down again,
Went thro' the Camp, and chose an hundred Youths
Of gallant Spirit, all of noble Blood,
Who are resolv'd, with me, if thou'lt permit us,
To scale this Passage, and surprize the Guards
Who keep the Postern Gate ; which setting wide,
The noble *Philanax*, with all his Forces,
Shall rush upon the heedless Foe at once,
And become Masters of th' affrighted Town.

PHILANAX.

I have consider'd it with deep Attention,
And think it is a noble Stratagem,
That scarce can fail of its deserv'd Success.

KING.

The Danger and the Glory both are thine.
We know thy military Fame too well

To think, thou wou'd'st venture on a rash Design.
Go on, great Sir, thou shalt command to-day.
We make thee General of all our Forces,
Ev'n *Philanax* shall follow where thou lead'st.

PHILANAX.

From thee I'll take my Orders.

MUSIDORUS.

The Command,
For this one Expedition, I accept.
Draw thou the Forces to th' appointed Ground,
Which I before have shewn thee. I'll prepare
My trusty Volunteers. When they succeed,
We'll crown them all with Wreaths of deathless Fame.
Come, *Philanax*, prepare. —

Enter an OFFICER.

OFFICER.

Pardon, my Lord,
This bold Intrusion; but, as I believe,
My dismal News will influence much your Councils,
I've ta'en the Liberty to come uncall'd.

MUSIDORUS.

Speak, Sir, what is't?

OFFICER.

My gracious Lord, I now
Must wound your Ears with the most cruel Sounds
That ever Tongue pronounc'd. — Just now a Spy
Deserted from the Castle, brought the News,
That your two Daughters, pardon, Sir, these Tears
That interrupt my Speech, O barb'rous Deed!
Were both beheaded, ere he left the Town.

MUSIDORUS.

It must be false! — There lives not upon Earth
A Monster, capable of such a Deed!

KING.

Alas, my Children! Are you sure 'tis true?
Do you think, *Philanax*, they'd dare to do it?

OFFICER.

Sir, he's a Gentleman that bore Commission;

But

But being shock'd at this inhuman Murder,
He leap'd the Walls and fled the guilty Place.
Since that, four others are come in, who all
Confirm each Circumstance, he told, for Truth.

(The King retires extremely afflicted to the Tent.

MUSIDORUS.

Are you sure both are dead?

OFFICER.

Yes, both, my Lord,

MUSIDORUS.

That there's a Heav'n I see; I breathe its Air;
But I ne'er doubted there were Gods till now.
'Tis greater Blasphemy to say there are
Such Beings, who, surrounded with Omnipotence,
Can behold Virtue butcher'd thus on Earth. —
Where are the Lessons now the Sages taught me!
Where now is Constancy! where Patience now!
Vain Flatterers! that in our happy Days
Promise their Aid, but leave us in Distress!
Away, false Sycophants! I scorn you now!
Hence, gentle Love; away, thy Torch is out,
It was extinguish'd in a Stream of Blood.
But come, *Tisiphone*, with flaming Brands,
Kindled in *Phlegethon*'s infernal Blaze,
Come, fire my soul with more than mortal Rage!

PHILANAX.

That thou art generous, and hast a Soul
That's much affected with another's Woe,
I ever thought; but this is far above
Compassion's Voice; this Sorrow seems thy own;
Not caught by Sympathy from others Grief.
Sure there's some Cause for this, we know not of.

MUSIDORUS.

O there's a Cause, did you but know it! Sir,
You'd think I wanted Sensibility, or bore
Affliction like a God. --- You wou'd not, then,
Think it a Weakness, that I drop these Tears;
No; you wou'd join and weep with me for ever,

Or

Or else, wou'd'st beat thy Breast, wou'd'st tear thy Hair,
Then bursting into Madness, rave as I do —
But thou shalt hear it all ; the King shall hear it ;
For there's no more Occasion for Disguise.

PHILANAX.

Disguise !

MUSIDORUS.

Yes, Sir ; I am not what I seem. (*Goes to the*
Wretched old Man, forget awhile to weep, *King.*
Come and compare thy Cause of Grief with mine.
First view me well. Didst thou e'er see this Face
Before ? Know, I was once the Shepherd *Dorus*.

KING.

The Shepherd *Dorus* ! seize the Traytor there.

MUSIDORUS.

Unhand me, Sir, till thou hast heard me all,
I have deceiv'd thee in another Point ;
I'm no Ambassador from *Musidorus*.

KING.

O Villain ! Villain, it is all thy Fault !
Thy faithless Words prevented me from sending
Proposals of Alliance to *Amphialus*,
Which might have sav'd my Children's Lives : by Heav'n
I knew he was a Traytor ; seize the Monster.

MUSIDORUS.

Yet hear me, Sir, I still have more to say.---
View me again. Lives Treason in these Looks,
Or is there ought like Meanness in my Port ?
Collect thy Wonder then ; now let it loose---
When thou shalt hear, that I am *Musidorus*,
The King himself, not his Ambassador.
Nor is this all.---I lov'd thy *Pamela*---
And O ! you will not wonder that I weep,
When you shall hear, I was belov'd of her !---

KING.

Sure there was never such a Wretch as I !

MUSIDORUS.

Then *Claius* too---who, think you, *Claius* is ?

My

My Kinsman *Pyrocles*, who lov'd and was
Belov'd again by *Philoclea*.

KING.

Ha!—

Claius a Prince!

MUSIDORUS.

Yes, Sir, the Prince of *Macedon*.

He, gentle Youth, I'm sure will die with Grief;
He can't, like me, support a Load of Woe;
And Heaven knows, 'tis more than I can bear.
This, Sir, is all; if then you think I've wrong'd you,
First let me take just Vengeance on that Town,
And if thou'lt kill me then, I'll thank thee for it.

KING.

O virtuous Prince, forgive me my Mistake.
I'm now most wretched, knowing what I lost.
The Gods ne'er bless'd me with a Son; but you
Might have supplied that Loss, and been the Pride
And Comfort of my Age. Then shou'd I die
Content, to think I left my Children happy.
But now I sink with Sorrow to the Grave.

MUSIDORUS.

Wou'd'st thou have given her to me then? my Griefs
Are now compleat. The Pow'rs of Hell combin'd
Cannot add one Affliction more to mine.
My Heart's too full of Grief and must run o'er---
But I'll be patient---tho' my Eyes will weep,
Think it not Weakness, it is Nature's Fault,
Who grieves to see her fairest Work destroy'd.
I cannot help it.---But I'm now myself,
And I will glut my Soul with some great Vengeance.
O they shall die no common Death for this!
Why stand I loit'ring thus? each Minute now
That's thrown away is just so much Indulgence.
If I forgive them!---But come, follow me;
Quick as the winged Lightning let me fly,
To be reveng'd, or in th' Attempt to die. (*Exeunt.*)

End of the Fourth ACT.

A C T



A C T V.

S C E N E, *a Dungeon.*PYROCLES *solus.*

HERE am I lock'd within this gloomy Vault,
 And tho' I've call'd, and call'd. till I am faint,
 Their stony Hearts are senseless to my Cries,
 Nor will they bring me News of *Philoclea*.—
 Yet sure they will not, cannot, must not murder her.—
 O! where is *Musidorus* now?—Were I
 At Liberty, like him, I wou'd have sav'd
 The Partner of his Soul.---I wou'd have scal'd
 The Heav'ns, or forc'd the adamantine Gates
 Of Hell, and struggled with resistless Fate,
 Or I'd have rescu'd both.---O *Musidorus*!
 If thou'rt my Friend, O save my *Philoclea*!
 Else I'll disclaim all Amity and Trust,
 And sow eternal Discord thro' the World.——

*Enter an OFFICER.*H! where is *Philoclea*?

OFFICER.

She is dead.

PYROCLES.

Thou art a Soldier, 'Sir, and shou'd'st not mock me.
 Then tell me truly what is become of her.

OFFICER.

I'm sorry, Sir, that I must say she's dead.

K

PYRO-

PYROCLES.

By Heav'n 'tis false ; and thou, and all of you,
 Have form'd a damn'd Conspiracy against
 My Peace, because you know I doat upon her.
 Why will you take this Method to torment me ?
 Are there no Whips?---Here, scourge me to the Bone;
 Then take and wash me o'er with burning Nitre.---
 Wou'd not such Tortures glut your Inhumanity ?
 Yet such were Ease to what my Heart feels now.

OFFICER.

Sir, if you'll follow me, I will conduct you
 Where you may satisfy yourself.

PYROCLES.

Lead on ;

I'd follow thee to the profoundest Gulph
 Of *Tartarus*, thro' Seas of liquid Fire,
 So I might find my *Philoclea* there.

*(Exeunt.)*S C E N E, *a Hall hung with black.**A Body lying in State, covered with a Pall.**Enter PYROCLES and OFFICER.*

PYROCLES.

Ha! what sad Scene is this, what Pomp of Woe?

OFFICER.

Beneath that Pall lies *Philoclea* dead.

Let your own Senses witness it is true. *(Exit Officer.)*

PYROCLES.

Are there no Bolts in Heav'n, avenging Gods!

Where is the damn'd Contriver of this Deed?

Strike, blast her now, ye everlasting Powers!

Let fly your hottest Wrath around her Head! ———

And yet 'twas kind to let me see my Love ;

That ev'n in Death still may gaze upon her,

And on her Lips imprint one holy Kiss,

— Then

---Then breathe my Soul away.----

(Takes up the Pall and starts.

O Horror ! Horror ! what a Sight is this !
 A headless Trunk !---relentless Murderers !
 Hide, Sun, thy Beams, nor view the bloody Deed,
 Let Darkness wrap the World in endless Night,
 There's nought worth seeing,--- *Philoclea's* dead.---
 And am I *Pyrocles* ! and do I live
 To speak it !--Hark !--who is't cries Vengeance there ?
 But what is Vengeance to a Crime like this !
 Vengeance is impotent, and Justice weak !
 Nor Heav'n nor Hell hath Torments adequate !—
 Let them that did it share the World between them,
 I do renounce it. Farewel all its Joys ;
 There is no Joy, no Comfort left for me,
 But to lie here, and pine away my Life.

(Lies upon the Ground.

Despair and I will never quit this Place.
 To die of any other Death but Grief
 Were wrong to *Philoclea*, and my Heart's
 So full of Sorrow, it must burst itself.
 Poor Innocence !

Enter PHILOCLEA in a white Undress.

O let me teach the very Rocks to weep !
 And these dull Vaults to echo back her Name
 My *Philoclea* ! *Philoclea's* dead !

PHILOCLEA.

Alas ! he weeps for me. O matchless Love !
 Who wou'd not die to be lamented thus !
 Do not torment thyself ; O moderate
 Thy Tears ; be comforted.——

PYROCLES.

Be comforted ! *(Starts up in a Rage.*
 May Lightnings blast that impious Tongue of thine
 That dares presume ——

*(Seeing Philoclea, he first stands surpriz'd,
 then drops upon his Knee.*

K 2

Celestial

Celestial Messenger !

Since thou'lt submit thyself to mortal Sense,
Thou hast done well to take that heav'nly Form,
A brighter cou'd not be created for thee !
O let me ask thee, ere thou flit'st away,
Why shou'd the perfectest of Nature's Works,
Whose Semblance thou hast taken, be decreed
By the just Gods to so unripe an End ?

PHILOCLEA.

Recal thy wandring Senses, gentle Youth ;
Thou art deceiv'd, it is no visionary
Shade thou seest, but *Philoclea's* Self,
The same thou lov'st, who loves thee so again.

PYROCLES. (*Rises.*)

If it be so, that thou'rt indeed the Soul
Of that bright Maid, O stay with me for ever !
Or let me burst, with thee, the Bounds of Nature,
And fly to Realms of Immortality. —
Sure thou art come to chide me of Delay,
For lingring thus behind thee : but Heav'n knows,
I long for nothing half so much as Death,
But that I'm here depriv'd of ev'ry Means. —
Ha ! there is one way left, if that will do, —
I will dash out my Brains against the Earth.

(*Dashes himself upon the Floor.*)

PHILOCLEA.

Alas ! I fear he has destroy'd himself.
Speak to me, *Pyrocles*, how fares it with thee ?

(*Pyrocles starts up.*)

PYROCLES.

It is *Elysium* round me ! and my Love
Is come to meet me in these happy Shades ;
Now we shall part no more, no Tyrants here
Shall interrupt our blest'd immortal Love.

(*Takes her in his Arms, and then starts from her.*)

Ha ! shall I trust the Evidence of Sense !
How can this be ? — It must be Madness all ;

I know

I know I rave, and this is all Illusion,
For now I recollect — she's dead! she's dead!

PHILOCLEA.

Be patient, gentle Love, I'll tell thee all,
If thou wilt hear me, for it is not Madness.
Alas! my *Pyrocles*, thou wert deceiv'd,
And so was I, and so my Sister was.
Cecropia, finding neither cou'd be mov'd,
By any gentle means, t' espouse *Amphialus*,
Resolv'd at length to try what Fear cou'd do;
So dressing poor *Eugenia*, the kind Maid
Who waited on us, in my Sister's Garments,
We saw her Head struck off, which being veil'd,
We did imagine it was *Pamela*.

PYROCLES.

And was't not *Pamela*?

PHILOCLEA.

O no! thank Heav'n!

She lives! she lives!

PYROCLES.

But tell me of thyself.

PHILOCLEA.

Again they dress'd the bleeding Corse like me,
To practise on my Sister. — But *Amphialus*,
Soon as he heard it, disavow'd the Deed,
And gave me liberty to visit *Pamela*. —
O 'twas a joyful Change, from black Despair!
Each viewing each as risen from the Dead! —
Then flying with the gladsome News to thee,
I found thee wailing my imagin'd Death.

PYROCLES.

O all ye Pow'rs who sit enthron'd above
The starry Concave of the vaulted Sky,
Say, have you any darling Bliss in store
For your choice Favourites that equals mine!
I'm all Distraction, Madness, boundless Joy!
My *Philoclea* lives! — O let me thus

Rush

Rush to thy Arms, and there unload my Soul;
My Joy! my Bliss! my *Philoclea* lives.

(*An Alarm and Noise of fighting.*)

*Enter MUSIDORUS leading in PAMELA, followed by
PHILANAX and Soldiers.*

MUSIDORUS.

My *Pyrocles*, my ever faithful Friend,
Come to my Arms, thou Partner of my Soul!

PYROCLES.

My *Musidorus*!

MUSIDORUS.

Now successful Love
Shall more than pay the Dangers we have past——
The Castle's ours, and I have slain *Amphialus*.

PYROCLES.

Amphialus!

MUSIDORUS.

I met him hand to hand
As I first enter'd and surpriz'd the Town;
And, with a Vigor never felt before,
I rush'd upon him, greedy of Revenge.
The Fight was obstinate; till with a Blow,
I fell'd him to the Earth. Where the mean Slave,
With uplift Hands and supplicating Looks,
Begg'd for his wretched Life. At that I drove
My Weapon thro' his Heart, and pin'd him to
The Ground. — I'm sorry now I slew the Wretch,---
But I then thought my *Pamela* was dead:
And had the Lives of the whole human Race
Depended then on his, he shou'd have died,
And I shou'd think the Sacrifice too small.

PYROCLES.

Then Heav'n is just, and we shall all be happy! ——
But let not that fell Monster of Barbarity,
Cecropia, 'scape from Justice——bring her forth.——

PHILANAX.

PHILANAX.

As I came by I saw her breathless Corse,
 A horrid Sight ! lie mangled in the Street.
 Conscious of Guilt, she leap'd from off the Battlements,
 And executed Justice on herself.——
 But, O my Princesses, I now must tell
 Such News as will o'ercloud this Dawn of Joy ;
 The King, my much-lov'd Master, is no more.
 Ent'ring the Citadel, a fatal Shaft,
 Let fly at random, pierc'd his royal Breast.
 He died within my Arms.

PHILOCLEA.

Alas, my Father !

PYROCLES.

O thou sweet Miracle of filial Piety,——
 Let gentle Patience dry those virtuous Tears.——
 I do remember now the Oracle, (To Musidorus.
 Which late thou told'st me of.——Mysterious Heav'n !
 The very Caution which the King employ'd
 To intercept the dark Decrees of Providence,
 Hath prov'd the Means to render them complete.
 Had Heav'n-born Wisdom been his only Guide,
 Safe had he steer'd thro' Life's uncertain Tide,
 Where Tempests rise ; but when the Storm is past,
 Triumphant Virtue shall be crown'd at last.

The E N D.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BLAND.

I Shou'd not dare appear again before ye,
Who judge, perhaps, too hardly of my Story,
Did not th' Excuse flow ready to my Tongue,
My Spouse was old, and my Gallant was young. —
Besides, 'twere hard to forfeit Reputation,
For entertaining a mere Inclination.
In Britain, I am sure, 'tis past a Doubt,
We all are virtuous, --- till we're first found out :
Nor have our learned Doctors e'er decreed
To take the bare Intention for the Deed.
My Honour then is safe, beyond Denial,
For it was never — fairly put to Trial.

And yet of my Gallant I'd gladly know,
Whether he meant to keep his Word, or no.
Let each young Spark suppose him in his Place,
Wou'd he have shun'd an am'rous Queen's Embrace ?
Then Oh ! restrain your Laughter, if you can,
To think of placing Chastity in Man ! —
Where was this grave, romantic Poet born ? —
He's not an Irishman, I dare be sworn.

Then to be lock'd up in a Country Place,
Where no Male Friend cou'd dare to shew his Face. —
Ah ! Ladies ! were you serv'd so by your Spouses,
You'd soon set Fire to all their Country Houses.

If such Arcadia was, you'll freely own,
We have more soft Retreats for Love at home.
Here 'tis enough our Eyes reveal the Fire,
And the charm'd Object kindles with Desire.
Our smart young Bloods know how to treat a Lady,
Not like the bashful Lovers of Arcadia.

And yet our Bard, --- a very sober Youth,
Bid me conclude with this too serious Truth ;
There's still this Moral in my Breach of Duty,
That Age shou'd never match with youthful Beauty.

